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Daily Mirror

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JANUARY
'THE WORLD
& HIS WIFE.'
Out To-morrow.
6d.

No. 362.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

OBSOLETE GUNS.



Outclassed British guns, such as those shown above, are at last to be replaced by up-to-date quick-firers. £2,500,000 has been set aside for rearmament. It will, however, take two years before all the new guns can be delivered, and meanwhile our picture shows what we must be content to rely on.

A JAPANESE TEA PARTY AT THE NORTH-EASTERN HOSPITAL.



The annual celebrations at the North-Eastern Hospital. Japanese decorations were the order of the day and the children who could get about were dressed in kimonos. One hundred and fourteen beds will have to be closed in a day or two unless funds are forthcoming.

THE ERLUNG FORTS CAPTURED.



Now that the Erlung Forts have been captured every part of the harbour at Port Arthur that cannot be reached by the guns of 203 Metre Hill (seen towards the left of the map) is dominated by those of Erlung Forts (on the right). Not even a torpedo-boat can now find a safe corner.

TOGO'S TRIUMPH.



Admiral Togo's journey to Tokio to visit the Mikado will be a triumphal progress. Our photograph shows a Japanese street decorated in honour of a national hero.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

PERSONAL.

JO.—Monday next 3.30.

"RECEIVED orders T.V.M."

DEAR LOVE.—Where send music? Write.—DARLING. BEAUTY.—If we go together it ought to be great fun.—GRACE.

WEATHER CHART, 1905.—Dublin firm orders ten thousand; 61d.—Morgan, Publisher, Norwich.

CHARLES.—It is very tantalising, this display of indifference on your part. Do you wonder if I grieve me?—POLLY.

* The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, entitled "THE CINGOLARI MATINEE," after—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled "THE CINGOLARI MATINEE" EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.20. (Last weeks.) THIS TEMPEST. (Last weeks.) MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY, January 24.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled "THE CINGOLARI MATINEE" EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3183 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Sole Lessee and Manager. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8 sharp. LADY WINTERBURNER'S FAN. (Last weeks.) THE DECEIT. (Last weeks.) MATINEE (both plays) WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.15.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON PANTOMIMES. DAILY at 2.0, EVENING at 7.30, at all Theatres.

KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,000, Hop. ALADDIN. NIGHTLY, at all Theatres, at 7.30. DAILY, at all Theatres, at 2.0.

CORONET THEATRE.—Tel. 1273, Kens. RED HIDING HOOD. Popular Prices at all Theatres.

CAMDEN THEATRE. N.W.—Tel. 329, K.C. ROBINSON CRUSOE. Star Companies at all Theatres.

FULHAM THEATRE. S.W.—Tel. 376, Kens. THE FORTY THIEVES. Beautiful scenery for each Production. Daily Dress for each Production.

CROWN THEATRE. Peckham.—Tel. 412, Hop. CINDELLA (written by Fred Hoyle). Box-office open at all Theatres ten to ten. Popular Prices.

COLISEUM. FOUR PERFORMANCES EVERY DAY. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. NOW OPEN.

COLISEUM. TWICE DAILY. ELECTRICAL. At 12 o'clock and 8 o'clock. REVOLVING STAGE. At 6 o'clock and 9 o'clock. AUDITORIUM. CHORISTERS. DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR BEFORE EACH PERFORMANCE.

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

MAN (35) seeks post at Chesham; City preferred; first-class testimonials.—Write Box 1697, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

WILL be given to lady or gentleman for obtaining situation as a Repeating Tailor in hotel or club or any West End ladies or gentlemen's tailoring business.—Address 1695, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

USEFUL Help wanted; fond children; at once.—Apply Jaggard, Highfield-rd, Banbury.

Miscellaneous.

A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT.—Fitting small prints; experience unnecessary.—Stamped envelope (20), 17, Ranelagh-av, Fulham.

SMART Business Man wanted; trustworthy; not afraid of work; outdoor employment; liberal commission; splendid opening for a man with energy wishing to improve his position.—Address 1, 1895, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

STAGE.—Several Vacancies for a limited number of Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to obtain this highly-profitable profession; splendid opportunity; tuition free.—Call or write, Ward's, 10, Garrick-st, Strand.

PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers; you can learn quickly, and we help you to a position; illustrated prospectus free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st, London, W.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A.A.A.A.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.—Free booklet explaining how ladies or gentlemen without experience may make large profits almost daily with small capital; recent customers received £28 10s. another £15 profit in few days; better terms than any firm copying our methods; we do what they cannot do; they dare not guarantee you against losing every penny you send them.—Ridley and Co., 11, Poultry, London.

FIVE POUNDS to £500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice. On approved note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write for particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 238, Romford-rd, Forest Gate, E. London.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY (post free).—Everyone with a few pounds spare capital should write for above pamphlet, showing how £10 may be invested and return £2 10s. weekly profit; larger or smaller amounts in proportion; no hazardous risk or speculation; no previous experience necessary; capital entirely under own control.—Howard, Marshall, and Co., 105, Leadenhall-st, London.

MONEY.—Cash advanced privately in sums from £5 upon note of hand alone, without sureties, to bona-fide borrowers; fair and easy terms given.—Apply personally or by letter to Baird and Co., 23, Station-rd, Hoxton, W. London Junction.

MONEY.—For private loans, £15 upwards, without sureties.—George Banks, Englefield, Gravesend.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st, Ipswich.

BIRTHS.

BAYLIS.—On December 26, at West Stratton Manor, Michelver, the wife of Walter Wyndel Baylis, of a daughter.

BELL.—On the 27th inst., at 43, Upper Brook-street, W., the wife of Captain Ernest E. Bell, of a daughter.

BLISS.—On December 28, at "The Croft," Whetstone, N., the wife of E. Aubrey Bliss, of a son.

DAY.—On the 26th inst., at 61, Linden-gardens, Chiswick, the wife of Frederick Lang Day, of a daughter.

HARVEY.—On the 28th inst., at 17, Holt, Dorking, Lens, the wife of Harry Harvey, of a daughter.

JEFFREYS.—On December 28, at "Oakwood," 205, Wilton-lane, N.W., the wife of J. H. Jeffreys, of Unthill, Rhodden, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MAGNUS-MITCHELL.—On the 24th inst., at Calcutta, Theodore Allingham, eldest son of Harry Magnus, of 152, Westbourne-terrace, W., and Marion-park, Wimbledon, to Violet, daughter of R. W. S. Mitchell, C.M.G., of Garden Reach, Calcutta.

MASSEY.—On December 27, at All Saints' Church, Norfolk-square, W., by the Rev. James White, M.A., assisted by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, M.A., Vicar, Captain Geoffrey W. Massey, of Carhillallow, Golden, Co. Tipperary, to Gertrude Annette, widow of the late Colonel James G. Cockburn, and daughter of Lieutenant-General W. G. Dunham Massey, C.B., of Greatington Hall, Tipperary.

REID-STIEBEL.—On December 28, David Douglas Reid, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, only son of J. Reid, of Wyrcott, Adelaide Park, Belfast, to Florence, elder daughter of D. C. Siegel, Esq., of 43, Grosvenor-square.

ROBINSON-CURRIE.—On Christmas Eve, before the Registrar, at Marlow-road, Kensington, Oswald Richard, barrister-at-law of the Inner Temple, only son of the late Sir John H. Robinson, to Alice Maud, elder daughter of the late Tutell Mann Curtis, of Harwich.

DEATHS.

BALDWIN.—On the 26th inst., at her residence, 131, Eastbourne-road, Birkdale, Southport, Frances Elizabeth Baldwin, elder daughter of the Rev. Gardner Baldwin, late vicar of Leyland, aged 79 years.

BURKETT.—On December 28, at the Villa d'Albret, Pau, France, Amelia Caroline, the dearly-beloved wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen Burkett, and daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Henry Alexander Story, R.N.

FAYRE.—On the 26th inst., Robert Andrew Fayrer (aged 54), deceased, eldest son of Sir Joseph Fayrer Bart., M.D., K.C.B., and Lady Fayrer, Funeral service St. Peter's, Vere-street, Tottenham, at 12 o'clock. Interment, Highgate Cemetery, 1 o'clock. The only intimation and invitation to all friends. Indian papers, please copy.

FREELAY.—On the 26th inst., at Shaw Road, Doncaster, Lucy Anna de Cardouzel, widow of the late James Freilay, of Eastgate, Lanchester, and daughter of the late Colonel Graves-Elmsall, of Woodlands, Doncaster, in her 78th year.

LANGDALE.—On December 28, at 7, Green-street, Park-lane, W., Emily Elizabeth, widow of the late William Langdale Esq., after ven. ch. of the Rev. R. P. Livingston.—On December 27, 1904, at 6, Osbaston-road, Stoke Newington, Ella, younger daughter of the late Livingston and the late John Livingston, M.D., of High Barnet.

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PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD-ST.

Great

WINTER SALE

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"A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY"
FOR OBTAINING
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AT REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

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MONEY.—Messrs. Seymour and Whiteman continue to make strictly private advances £10 to £10,000 in a few hours on note of hand alone; easy repayments.—Apply to the actual lenders, 32, Walbrook, London, E.C.

PARTNER with £10 capital required; sleeping or active; profits £5 weekly.—Write Ampleford, 3, Station-rd, North Wood.

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved note of hand; no sureties required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 14, Ilington-green, Islington, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

DESSERT Apples, 20lbs., 50 Oranges, half-gallon Nuts 6s., carriage paid.—Hewlett's, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

PERTH Whisky de Luxe.—Two bottles "Goscoe" Equiper Whisky by post 7s. 6d.—Matthew Glas, Perth, N.B. Established 1860.

POULTRY, POULTRY, POULTRY.—Extraordinary low prices for this week only.—2 large selected Chickens 4s., 3 smaller 5s.; Turkeys and Geese 4s., 5s., large 6s.; 7s. 6d.; Pheasants, 5s. 6d.; Trussed; carriage paid; send P.O. immediately.—Central Supply, 21, Farringdon-st, Smithfield. Telephone 4612 Central.

HOUSES AND PROPERTIES.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

EVERY man who can pay rent can buy a House of his own; if you want to buy your house, send a postcard to W. W. Benham, 72, Bishopgate-st Without, London (mentioning this paper), for further particulars.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.K.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 15; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

STAMMERING.—Guaranteed Correspondence Cure.—Particulars, A. Searle, 47, Fetter-lane, London.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.—Johannesburg, Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike; Nt. Tel. 448 X 1.

LADY offers comfortable home for little girl over four; references: Maier, Swanley, Stanley-rd, South Woodford.

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FURNISHING CO. EST. 66 years.

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THE WORLD & HIS WIFE
JANUARY NUMBER
READY TO-MORROW.
6d. Everywhere.

"EHLUNGSHAN."

Important Fort Captured by the Japanese.

NOTABLE SUCCESS.

Besiegers Have Now a Fresh Base of Attack.

After many weeks of patient preparation, the Japanese have struck the most deadly blow yet delivered at Port Arthur.

On Wednesday night, after nearly ten hours' fighting, they obtained possession of the entire fort of Ehlungshan.

This fort is the most important of a number placed upon the north-eastern ridge of the strong-hold.

In September an attempt was made to carry it by assault, which cost the besiegers dearly. Since then, slowly but surely, the saps have been pushed forward and the mines have been laid.

How perfectly the assault on the fort was planned the official account of its capture will prove.

The utmost importance is attached in military circles to this success, following so quickly upon the fall of Keekwanshan.

It cannot be said that it is the key to Port Arthur, for the line of defending forts has been constructed with such consummate skill that no single one is the key to the position.

Its possession by the Japanese, however, considerably weakens the defensive value of the remaining forts, as well as giving to the besiegers a fresh base of attack.

The capture of Port Arthur, it seems, must be effected piecemeal, and not by one grand coup.

The rate of progress at present being made by the besiegers may therefore be considered rapid.

According to a Reuter message a position has recently been taken at Yang-tshun, from which the communications between Lianfaihan and the western forts of Itzushan and Autzushan can be harassed.

A Chifu message states that from this quarter a vigorous attack has been directed against the two forts last named, and that the Japanese naval guns are being used in co-operation.

OFFICIAL MESSAGE.

Stout Resistance, but the Besiegers Prove Irresistible.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, December 29, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—

"Port Arthur besieging army reports as follows: 'The left centre of the army at 10 a.m. on Wednesday blew up the parapet in front of Ehlungshan Fort, and then, occupying the parapet by assault, constructed defensive works under cover of heavy guns and field-guns, and, despite enemy's fire, at 4 p.m. we assaulted and occupied the lid of heavy guns in interior.'

"Thereupon we proceeded to the gorge of the fort, whence the enemy was eventually dislodged after a stout resistance.

"Thus the whole fort of Ehlungshan fell into our hands at 7.30 p.m."

BOTH SIDES LOSE HEAVILY.

The Japanese casualties in the capture of Ehlungshan are estimated at 1,000, says Reuter.

"Seven dynamite mines exploded at ten in the morning, and made breaches in the front wall of the fort, and through these a large body of troops charged under cover of tremendous bombardment. A bitter fight resulted in the capture of the fort. Of the garrison of 500, one-third escaped."

ADMIRAL KAZNAKOFF RECALLED.

St. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Vice-Admiral Dubassoff has been appointed to replace Vice-Admiral Kaznakoff as Russian representative on the International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea incident.

He will leave for Paris next week, and Vice-Admiral Kaznakoff will return home.—Reuter.

RUSSIA BORROWING £48,000,000.

BERLIN, Thursday.—The "Boersen Courier" states that the new Russian loan will be issued in Germany, Russia, and Holland. France, it is expected, will not participate.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" learns that representatives of the Berlin banking firm of Mendelssohn and Co. have arrived in St. Petersburg in connection with the final negotiations.

It is believed that the rate will be 4½ per cent., and that the amount will be £48,000,000, of which about £15,000,000 will be placed in Germany.—Reuter.

REOPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

It is expected that the King will be in town about January 11 and 12, and will then hold a Privy Council for the further prorogation of Parliament.

His Majesty will then definitely approve the date for the reassembly. In view of Mr. Balfour's reply to the deputations on behalf of the unemployed it is probable that the House of Commons will meet a little earlier than usual, possibly on Thursday, February 2.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Increasing westerly winds, a gale in the afternoon; changeable and showery; temperature falling. Lighting-up time, 4.58 p.m. Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough in the south, and very rough in the north.

FRENZIED DANCERS.

Hysterical Women Grovel in the Sawdust Before "Pentecostals."

There were more wild scenes at the "Pentecostal Dancers'" revival at Camberwell Baths last night.

After hours of shrieking and public confession, a number of decent-looking Englishwomen promised all their money to the "Pentecostals," and finally collapsed with hysteria.

The dancers were reinforced by four more of their sect, but it was mainly due to the efforts of Brother Hubbard—a frenzied enthusiast with a voice like a bull—that last night's painful scenes occurred.

Few people turned up at the meeting, and the rapid exhortations of the Rev. Obadiah Kent-White still further thinned the congregation.

Then Brother Hubbard suddenly sprang four feet into the air. "Burning Bush," at once added his contribution to the fervour of the evening.

Stopping his mad capers, Brother Hubbard gave an address, preaching "Hell-fire and the damnation of souls" and the horrors of eternity for the unconverted.

Next Mrs. Kent-White called for "converts."

A pretty young girl at once put up her hand.

Others followed, and soon there was a row of nine or ten women grovelling in the sawdust.

A woman began to pray in a shrill voice, and in three minutes pandemonium reigned.

Dazed by the babel women wept and tore their hair; others shouted and laughed like demented beings. Numbers promised to hand all their money over to the "revivalists."

One woman was carried out by an elderly gentleman to give her air and water. He was told, on his return, he would go to hell for his action.

Another meeting is fixed for to-night at 7.30.

RUSSIA'S HOME DANGER.

Heavy Premium on Insurance Policies on the Tsar.

The dark cloud that lowers over Russia grows blacker day by day.

Sinister forebodings of personal danger to the Tsar himself and their expression in the large number of insurance policies on his life that are being issued at Lloyd's.

Within the past week the rate for these policies

M. DE WITTE,



Russia's great financial Minister, upon whom, as president of the Council of Ministers, rests the chief responsibility for carrying out the reform proposals contained in the Tsar's manifesto.

has risen from five guineas to fifteen guineas per cent., and at the latter high figure many thousands of pounds were covered yesterday.

The news from Russia is sufficient ground for the belief that the rising storm may break at any moment.

The grave professors of Moscow University have advised the authorities that the normal course of academic life is completely interrupted, and advise an inquiry.

In Poland rioting is widespread. At one town the mob destroyed a church, an act of grave significance. In Kielce and Konsk revolvers were freely used in the struggle between mobs and police.

Thirty-five sailors of the Black Sea Fleet are to be court-martialled for mutiny.

The programme for the visit of the Coldstream Guards to Birmingham on Saturday and Sunday was approved yesterday.

OUR NEW GUNS.

Artillery To Be Armed at Cost of £3,500,000.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Orders have been placed for the complete rearmament of the artillery of the British Army, by which our forces will be placed in possession of weapons excelling those of any Continental Power.

The announcement of this step by the War Office will afford the greatest satisfaction throughout the country. The gravest misgivings had arisen owing to the disclosures recently made in the Press and by military experts of the antiquated nature of the guns now in use.

The new guns will fire 18½ lb. projectiles with a velocity of 1,600 ft. per second, and with a rapidity of twenty-five rounds per minute. This is in striking contrast to the capacity of the British Army's present weapons, which fire 15 lb. shot at the rate of three rounds per minute. Instead of, as under existing conditions, the breech mechanism requiring five operations to open, one operation only will be required with the new gun.

MUST WAIT TWENTY MONTHS.

Unfortunately it is impossible that this rearmament can be completed in a less period than twenty months. Meanwhile the country remains faced with the ever-present possibility of the Army having to go into action with artillery which is wholly antiquated in design—"the worst artillery in the world" was the description of an expert the other day.

It is estimated that the cost of supplying the 160 batteries with these modern quick-firing guns will be approximately three and a half millions. Without delay orders have been placed with the Woolwich Government factories and several of the best-known ordnance firms. Among these are Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Messrs. L. Cummell and Co., and Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co.

The designs adopted are those recommended by the experts who formed Sir George Marshall's Committee. These recommendations were endorsed in August last by the Army Council.

HAS AN ORDER GONE TO FRANCE?

In a London evening newspaper yesterday it was stated that orders for some of the new guns had been placed with the French firm of Canet.

It is a curious coincidence that some speculation was caused at Calais a day or two ago by the landing at that port of a new pattern English artillery gun, with its full equipment.

When the weapon had been landed, says our Calais correspondent, it was immediately dispatched by rail into the interior, but its destination remains unknown.

MAJOR-GEN. TURNER'S VIEW.

How England Bought German Guns for South Africa While China Hesitated.

To the Daily Mirror last night Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, whose recent statisting criticism of our Army guns caused so much stir, made several interesting statements.

"As England is armed on land to-day," said Major-General Turner, "she could not hope to go into battle and win against any modern nation."

"At the time of the Boer war our guns were five years out of date."

"We had only one battery of eighteen guns which were effective—the Erhardt guns—and how we got them has hitherto been kept from the public."

"The Erhardt firm was at the time in disfavour with the German Emperor, and consequently sought outside business."

"Through an official of the British South Africa Company, Lord Lansdowne was approached, but China was anxious to buy the guns, and a test was arranged in Germany for a Chinese officer."

"Immediately after came two 'Swedish' officers, who were unable to speak German, and the result of their inspection was the purchase of the battery for the British Government."

"Those 'Swedish' officers were Majors in the British Army."

"Packed in piano-cases, the guns were secretly shipped to South Africa."

In conclusion Major-General Turner commended the scheme of new guns, and said that the weapons suggested were the best guns made. "They are even better than the new Russian gun."

DISTRUSTING THEIR WEAPON.

The leading feature of the January number of "The Nineteenth Century" is a striking article by Earl Roberts entitled "The Army as It Was and as It is."

He is emphatic that in future warfare duties even more important than heretofore will devolve on the cavalry of an army.

As the result of his recent visits to the battle-fields in South Africa, he says he is more than ever satisfied that the British reverses in the Boer war were in a great measure attributable to our men not being able to shoot, and therefore not having confidence in the weapon with which they are armed.

"A terrible lesson," Lord Roberts declares, "awaits the nation whose soldiers find themselves opposed to equally brave but better-trained opponents on the field of battle."

FIGHT FOR LIFE IN LONELY MANSION.

Gentleman Escapes by Rope of Blankets from a Ruffian.

AMAZING STORY.

A story, reading like a page from "Jack Sheppard," comes from Abergele, North Wales, near Llanfair Talhaiarn.

In a lonely situation is the large mansion of Mr. Robert William Wynne, of Garthwin. It stands in its own grounds, and Mr. Wynne lives there alone.

On Tuesday, between four and five o'clock, Mr. Wynne went out, and seeing the birds flying about in the woods, as though they had been recently disturbed, he suspected the presence of some prowling intruder, and for the purpose of keeping watch was about to conceal himself in a boiler-house at the rear of the mansion.

As he was going up some steps, a strange man suddenly appeared. Mr. Wynne demanded to know what he was doing there.

The intruder made a rush at Mr. Wynne, dealing him a violent blow on the forehead with a heavy piece of iron.

Mr. Wynne was overpowered by his adversary, who proceeded to rifle his pockets, commencing by taking from him a revolver which was loaded in four chambers.

HANDS TIED WITH STRING.

He next secured Mr. Wynne by tying his hands together with string.

Mr. Wynne, fearing his life was in danger, agreed to make terms, and the two went into the mansion together. The stranger demanded £200. Mr. Wynne said he had was £4 10s.

This the man took by the simple method of cutting out Mr. Wynne's pocket with a knife.

Having also taken a silver lever watch the ruffian said he would search the house, and if he found any more money he would return and shoot Mr. Wynne.

In the interval Mr. Wynne ran upstairs, got into his bedroom, locked the door, and barricaded it by putting the bed against it. He next took some blankets, tied them together, and attaching one end to the foot of a table dropped the other through the window and slid down to the ground to raise the alarm.

His assailant got out of the house by the kitchen window, but Mr. Wynne, who was covered with blood, made his way to the Lodge, some five hundred yards away, and his lodge-keeper was dispatched to inform the police at Llanfair Talhaiarn.

A tramping labourer was arrested in a lodging-house at Abergele. He had in his possession £4 5s. 10d., and in his inside coat-pocket a loaded revolver.

FATE OF THE WOLF.

Cumberland Farmers' Terror Reported Killed by an Express Train.

The Cumberland wolf is reported to have been killed at last.

It was not trapped or shot, but was cut to pieces by an express train on the line between Scotch and Cumwhinton, near Carlisle, early yesterday morning.

There is no reason to doubt that the carcass was that of the wolf that had been roaming the Allendale Fells. Its total length was 5ft., and from the foot to the top of the shoulder it measured 30in. The head was 10in. from the tip of the nose to the top of the skull, and the tail was 15in. long.

GERMANY'S SECOND WAR.

Although the trouble with the Hereros tribe is not over, surprise is felt in Berlin at the continued dispatch of German reinforcements to South-West Africa.

These are destined, says Reuter, for a war with the Ovambas, a tribe more powerful than the Hereros, who have already murdered German settlers and burned farms.

A war with the Ovambas is regarded as a serious undertaking.

AMERICANS BURN SURPLUS COTTON.

Before the end of this week it is expected that cotton will be blazing in all the Southern States of America.

In order to force up the price a movement is on foot to burn 2,000,000 bales, and already 3,000 bales have been destroyed, of the value of £20,000.

At Fort Gaines, Georgia, 500 bales were piled and burned in the public square in the presence of a cheering crowd.

MRS. CHADWICK'S DEFENCE.

CLEVELAND, Thursday.—Mrs. Chadwick was today visited in prison by an authority on mental derangement, who has frequently been employed to give expert evidence in cases where insanity has been set up as a defence.

This is taken to indicate the lines which the defence will follow.—Reuter.

UNHAPPY 19,000.

Workless Man Gives His Experience of Mansion House Fund.

ONLY 100 RELIEVED.

We called attention yesterday to the following facts concerning the Lord Mayor's fund for the unemployed:

Established eighteen days ago on December 12. £35,000 subscribed. 23,000 men unemployed. 100 men given work by the committee.

Over 19,000 unemployed still starving.

That is the record, and the executive committee do not quarrel with the statement. They say, however, that they have not been idle. On the contrary, they have worked hard from the start, and have not even had a Christmas holiday.

Yesterday the chairman (Ald. Alliston), the vice-chairman (the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield), the Mayor of Marylebone, and other members of the committee, including the secretary (Mr. Maynard), gave their view of the case to the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Russell Wakefield was the spokesman.

Difficulties in the Way.

"Your account this morning," he said, "with the exception of a few minor details, is a perfectly fair one. It is quite true that up to the present time we have found employment for only 100 men. But you can have no conception of the difficulties that faced us. We had no offices, no staff, and everything was chaos. It took time to organise a staff, and find an office. This done, we got to work, but were considerably tied down by the terms of the scheme.

"First of all we had to write to the borough councils, and ask them to try to put work in hand for their own people. They made returns of what they could do, and it was only where they failed that we stepped in. They tried to do their work before we began ours. The councils so far have found employment for 2,000.

"Then look at the difficulty of finding work. We could only meet the L.C.C., for instance, on certain days, though they did their best for us. Then the amount of work available differs from day to day.

"A fall of snow provides work for thousands; a sudden frost takes work from thousands more; and the work must be good work, which wants doing, and work of that kind cannot well be created.

"Our great idea has been to see that only deserving people get helped, and this means careful inquiry into each individual case.

"Again, the permanency of the scheme has been our object, even more than immediate relief. We have striven to get a huge machine into proper order, so that when exceptional distress comes again, as it is bound to do, we shall be able to cope with it effectively and at once."

The following account of his troubles, given by a man who applied at the Mansion House for work in connection with the fund, throws a somewhat strange light on the organisation of the scheme.

From Pillar to Post.

"With some difficulty," he says, "I found a notice, little larger than a handbill, stating that applications must be made to the local committees of the boroughs; that addresses were obtainable at the town hall; and that only residents of six months' standing would be eligible.

"Inquiry of the door-keeper at the small door under the steps elicited the advice to go to the borough where I had last resided. He knew of no town hall which would apply to City residents. I accordingly went to the town hall at Lambeth. All they could do for me there was to take my name, address, occupation, age, and other particulars, and to say that the people who were going round making inquiries would call on me in a few days.

"They're so long getting to work themselves," said the clerk, "what with forming committees and sub-committees, that I don't know when that will be."

"To my protest that I was never in during the day, and that the people I lodged with knew nothing of me, the only answer was that it would do no harm if I looked back in a day or two. 'If you come in at 9.30 to-morrow morning,' I was told, 'you might be able to see the gentlemen who are going round inquiring. I don't know what else you can do.'

Pity the poor out-of-works.

The Mayor of Deptford appeals for donations to enable the local authorities to relieve the distress prevalent in "this poor borough, always on the borderland of want."

One thousand poor children of Canning Town were yesterday entertained to a Christmas dinner out of funds subscribed by Canadian children.

NOISY MILE END MEETING.

The Mile End campaign promises to produce a bitter struggle. The Hon. H. L. W. Lawson had to face a noisy and fractious meeting last night, and at one time, while he was speaking, something like a free fight took place. In the end, however, the candidate was able to finish his speech.

The candidate said that he was born a member of the Church of England, but was proud of his ancestors and of belonging to the pioneers of cheap Press.

He left the Liberal Party because it declared against the Empire during the South African war.

STRANDED CREW RESCUED.

Men of the Drumelzier Saved After Four Days on the Wreck.

Dispatches from New York state that the crew of the wrecked British steamer Drumelzier were yesterday rescued from the stranded ship after four days' exposure to terrible hardships.

The men—twenty-nine in all—were half-frozen and in a desperate condition. The Sandy Hook lifeboat first took off fifteen men after a terrific battle with the seas, and the Oak Island lifeboat the remainder of the crew, including the officers.

The Drumelzier went ashore off Fire Island in a snowstorm on Monday morning, and for three days the heavy seas made all attempts to rescue the crew unavailing.

They were able to signal ashore, their final message being: "Vessel bad condition. Send lifeboat to save crew."

All Wednesday night the Revenue cutter Mohawk stood by the rescue, but was unable to take them off.

When the rescue was finally effected the vessel was labouring badly, and it is stated that there is little hope of saving her from complete wreck. The cargo of the Drumelzier is valued at \$600,000.

MR. H. A. BARKER,



The "bloodless surgeon," who has set up a practice in Bond-street. His abilities as a bone-setter have been acknowledged by some of the leading surgeons of the day.

WIRELESS "WIRES" FOR ALL.

With the New Year Anyone May Communicate by Aerial Means with Ships at Sea.

An important and interesting announcement was officially made by the Postmaster-General last night to the effect that facilities are to be afforded the public to send and receive messages by wireless telegraphy to and from ships at sea.

The text of the announcement is as follows:—

The Postmaster-General has made provisional arrangements with the Marconi International Marine Communication Company for the acceptance and prepayment at telegraph offices in the United Kingdom of telegrams for transmission from wireless stations on the coast to ships at sea. The arrangement will come into operation on the 1st prox.

The charge will be 6½d. a word, with a minimum of 6s. 6d. for each telegram.

NAVY'S NEW MONSTERS.

Designs are being prepared for the Admiralty for a new type of battleship with stupendous armament capable of destroying any man-of-war afloat or as yet designed.

The terrible new machine for the Navy will fire a broadside of seven 350lb. shells, capable of perforating two feet of the best armour. One of these ships will be able to defeat any three ships of the Majestic type.

Whether the vessels laid down in 1905 will be of this type is uncertain.

MANAGING DIRECTOR ARRESTED.

Mr. Samuel Cooper, late managing director of the Perseverance Homes Assurance Co., Ltd., of Leeds, was arrested yesterday on a warrant taken out on behalf of the Treasury.

The company was registered six years ago, and Mr. Cooper will be charged to-morrow with issuing, as managing director, a fraudulent balance-sheet with intent to induce people to entrust money to the company.

"FOR CHILDREN"!

Mr. Arthur Collins on the Drury Lane Pantomime.

A STRANGE STATEMENT.

I most emphatically assure every parent and guardian that *"The White Cat"* has been written expressly for children, is in every particular fit for them, and that there is nothing whatever in it which can possibly injure any child either mentally or morally.

This astonishing sentence is taken from a letter about the Drury Lane pantomime, which Mr. Arthur Collins has sent round to the Press—at least it purports to come from him. Possibly it may be a practical joke.

If it is genuine, Mr. Collins has an extraordinary idea of what is fit for children. He knows what is in the pantomime. No one can know better. He not only produced it and superintended rehearsals. He is actually part-author of it.

The official book of words says: "Written and invented by J. Hickory Wood and Arthur Collins." Now let us see what sort of jokes Mr. Arthur Collins wrote "expressly for children" and considers fit for them in every respect.

Here is a scrap of dialogue on page 13:—

Peerless: What have you got to say against me?
Patter: Peerless! Oh, a nice, handsome boy. He's one drawback—a pretty woman can twist him round her little finger.
Delicia: Thank you.
Patter: Why, he'd be in three breach-of-promise actions in a week.

"Expressly for children." Whatever would they make of that? Or of this:—

Fairy: In my young days I could cast a spell over a man that kept him fascinated for ever. Now I have to work on a time-limit; I don't suppose I could fascinate any man for more than a couple of hours at most.

And a little later on:—

Princess: You said love was a disease. Are men a disease?
Fairy: No, they're a complaint.

Does Mr. Collins think children understand that kind of talk? Would he like them to understand it? Evidently, for he declares he wrote it "expressly for children."

Here is a specimen of the verse which Mr. Collins and his collaborator consider "could not possibly injure any child either mentally or morally." It is sung by everyone on the stage at the end of Scene III., Part I., just after the praises of "glorious wine" have been sounded:

See, how the houses are reeling!
All the streets is upon the leap.
Now the lamps are making us dizzy,
And the moon is getting so busy.
Everything is dancing and will not stop.
It's jumpy, jumpy, jumpy, jump,
And hop, hop, hop, hop, hop.

If Mr. Collins had said "expressly for habitual drunkards," or "expressly for lunatics," we should not have wondered. But "expressly for children!" Drink and flirtation—both subjects in which children, according to Mr. Collins, are deeply interested—having been for the moment exhausted, Scene VI. contains some jokes on gambling, a topic with which all children are naturally familiar (if we accept Mr. Collins's view).

Aristo: I thought gambling was against your principles?

Populo: So it is. But when you can make a bit of money out of backing a "dead cert"—that's not gambling—it's business.

Charming nursery talk, is it not? And how the little ones will enjoy the humour of this.

Detective (to Fairy, disguised as a fortune-teller): Who are you?

Patter: Yes, who is she?

Plump: Not the most beautiful woman on earth!

Patter: The worst woman in London!

Al: Who are you?

Fairy: I am Mrs. Beck.

The man who wrote that "expressly for children," must have known some strange specimens of children. Unhappy Mr. Collins! Is that the kind of thing he laughed at when he was a child?

Another curious point in Mr. Collins's letter is this. He speaks of the Drury Lane pantomime having been criticised as unsuitable for children in "A London morning journal."

Mr. Collins evidently does not read the papers at all carefully. If he had, he would have seen that a number of them said much the same thing. He would have found these remarks, amongst others:

Pantomimes have not got back to being the most suitable entertainment that can be conceived for the amusement of children.—"Daily News."

To sit the pantomime out, until the very close of the harlequinade, seems a task rivaling the siege of Port Arthur.—"Morning Post."

The story is not so closely adhered to, nor so well strung together. This is a pity for children dearly love a story they can follow.—"Morning Leader."

Sequence in the story has, since the invasion of musical-hall airs and manners, become of subsidiary importance.—"Daily Graphic."

The humour, taking note of Dancing Dolls, the prevalence of bridge-playing, and other topics of the moment, is decidedly modern.—"St. James's Gazette."

It is the child who, after all, is monarch of pantomime, and one day the manager of Drury Lane will see to it that the pantomime at the famous house is not merely long, gaudy, and music-hally, but coherent, graceful, and funny instead.—"Star."

The "Daily Mail" was more vigorous than the others, but it was not by any means the only one. The public knows that well, if Mr. Arthur Collins does not.

Miss Arabella Kenelly, the well-known writer, was yesterday morning very much better.

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Will want to know
For 1905 in the

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SUNSHINE ONCE MORE.

Hours of Brightness After Days of
Gloom in London.

The sun shone in London yesterday morning and blushed more or less shyly all day for its recent sins of omission. There was sunshine over the country, with the exception of the south coast, where the fog still lingered.

Excluding yesterday from consideration, there have been only nine hours of sunshine this month, as the following figures show:—

	Hrs.		Hrs.
December 1	0.1	December 13-14	0.1
December 2	0.1	December 15	0.2
December 3	1.5	December 16	0.3
December 4	all	December 17	all
December 5	2.7	December 18	all
December 6-7	all	December 19	0.5
December 8	1.6	December 20	all
December 9-11	all	December 21-23	0.4
December 12	1.7		all

Thus, since December 16 there has been only 0.9 (less than one hour) of sunshine in London, and only 84min. in the last fourteen days—six minutes a day.

Still, this is not so bad as last year, when the total was only 8.4 for December.

But though sunshine has succeeded fog, the influenza is left behind. Happily the form the disease is taking this time is mild, though wide.

MME. SATO.



She is the leader of a Japanese league of women formed to teach patriotic songs to soldiers leaving for the front. The ladies sing the songs to the men until they have learnt them thoroughly.

spread, and the death-rate from the actual disease, or after illness directly attributable to its effect, will be alarmingly great.

"People do not realise," said a consulting physician to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "their position when they are attacked by the mild influenza, therefore it is the more deadly."

"They go about their business in the ordinary way with the illness on them, and fight till they fall. Others fall with them, and the epidemic spreads."

"A day or two in bed, some quinine, good food, and free stimulation form an infallible prescription that, if taken in time, would save thousands of lives."

HOSTESS DIES BEFORE HER GUESTS.

There was a tragic ending to a Christmas party given on Wednesday night by a Northampton corn merchant.

While the festivities were at their height Mrs. Reeve, the hostess, suddenly fell to the floor, and died in the presence of her guests.

FAMILY ASPHYXIATED

Terrible Effects of an Escape of Gas.

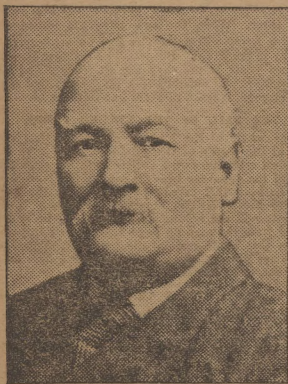
WHOLE STREET POISONED.

Little George-street, a narrow, mean thoroughfare running behind Hampstead-road, St. Pancras, has been the scene of a terrible occurrence.

From a leakage in one of the mains gas made its way under several houses in the street during the night, and this was not discovered until two persons had lost their lives and half a dozen others had been rendered seriously ill.

At No. 21 a widow named Mrs. Mansfield, employed as an office-cleaner at the Birkbeck Bank, has resided with her four children, occupying three rooms. She retired to rest on Tuesday evening as

THE LATE MR. E. T. PAYNE,



Recorder of Chipping Norton, who was found drowned in the canal at Wendover. It is supposed he was attacked by vertigo while crossing a bridge.—(Elliott and Fry.)

usual. With her slept her two daughters, Alice and Mary, aged nine and twenty-four respectively, but some time in the early morning the little boy Sidney, a child of nine, dressed himself and came into the room.

Mrs. Mansfield had arranged to waken her eldest son George at six o'clock. When he woke, however, it was long past this hour, and, thinking it strange that he had not been called, he went downstairs to his mother's room.

To his horror he saw that his mother and little brother were lying dead, while his two sisters were fast being suffocated. Obtaining assistance, he bore the girls from the room, and eventually they were restored to consciousness.

The landlady of the house herself, who slept in an adjacent room, owed her life to the fact that she had her window open all night. A lodger on another floor, however, was so affected by fumes that he had to be carried out of the house.

A family named Jackson, living next door at No. 20, had fortunate escapes from death. The leakage rendered both Mr. and Mrs. Jackson very ill, but the worst affected were the children.

In a greater or less degree gas pervaded nearly every house in the street, and great alarm prevailed, there being much fear of an explosion. Fortunately workmen were quickly on the scene, and at their direction all lights and fires were extinguished.

The people on one side of the street remained until six in the evening—the discovery was made about eleven o'clock in the morning—without a lamp burning or a fire in their grates to warm themselves or cook their food.

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INHUMAN MOTHER.

Leaves Her Dying Child on Account of a Quarrel.

Scathing rebukes were administered yesterday by Dr. Wynne Baxter, the East London Coroner, to Henry and Elizabeth Rugg, whose conduct, he said, formed the worst case of parental neglect he had ever heard of.

One of their children, Ellen, three and a half years of age, was ill with measles, but, according to the mother's evidence, was getting better on Christmas Day. That night the woman had "a few words over nothing" with her husband, and went off to her mother's house.

Next day her sister-in-law came to tell her that the child was much worse, and she returned home to find the little girl dead. There were two other children, aged respectively five and seven years, at home with the father.

The father did not appear in any better light when he went into the witness-box. Only waking up at half-past eleven on Boxing Day, he went out without giving the child any breakfast. When he came back he found the police in the room, and was told that the child was dead.

A police-sergeant who visited the Ruggs' home at Mays-cottages, Eastfield-street, Linchouse, described the place as a "pig-stye." In the room in which the child died there was no fire. A glass containing some sour milk and a paraffin lamp blackened with smoke stood on a table.

The jury found that the child died from bronchopneumonia supervening on measles, and that the parents were deserving of severe censure. They asked the coroner to communicate the facts of the case to the N.S.P.C.C.

GIRL'S DRAMATIC SUICIDE.

Induced Her Lover's Brother To Be a Witness of Her Death.

Following apparently a premeditated plan, a Littleborough (Notts) girl has committed suicide under peculiarly dramatic circumstances.

She visited the home of the young man to whom she was engaged, on Wednesday night, and asked his brother whether he had seen "Joe"—her lover. When he replied that he had not, she exclaimed,

FIREMAN LAURENCE PEILE,



Of the Bishopsgate Fire Station, who has been appointed chief of the brigade at Colombo, Ceylon.

"Then will you take me for a walk? If you refuse, you'll never see me again."

The young man consented, but as they were walking along the canal bank the girl suddenly plunged into the water. Her companion tried hard to save her, but failed.

The police have since recovered the dead body of the girl.

YULETIDE GREETINGS.

Record Post Office Traffic Handled in Abnormal Weather.

The Christmas of 1904 will long be remembered by the Post Office officials, for the traffic showed a considerable increase on the preceding year, and the customary difficulties were enhanced by the fog.

The following table gives some idea of the press of the work:—

Extra men employed	5,000
Liters containing Christmas appeals ..	3,500,000
Letters from London to places abroad ..	225,000,000
Parcels to places abroad	62,200
Parcels from places abroad	50,300

All these figures show a considerable advance on previous records.

STABBED BARRISTER.

Remarkable Evidence in the Wandsworth Common Tragedy.

"WIFE" BREAKS DOWN.

On the Battersea coroner's warrant, Rebecca Margaret Gregory, otherwise "Mrs. Stewart," was committed for trial for the manslaughter of Alfred Graham Stewart, a barrister, with whom she lived at Gorst-road, Wandsworth Common.

The accused woman is tall and rather stout, with grey hair, which is turning to white, and with strongly-defined features. She was present in court in the custody of two warders from Holloway.

The first witness at the inquest was Dr. Howard Douglas Stewart, of Ratcliffe-gardens, South Kensington, who identified the body as that of his brother. He had not seen him for seven years, but knew that he lived with the accused. His brother, he said, drank to excess, and had a bad temper.

The accused woman raised herself and stared at the witness, a strained look coming into her prominent blue eyes. The coroner turned to her and asked for her real name.

Confesses Her Real Name.

The woman spoke in a low, pleasant voice. "Rebecca Margaret Gregory," and in answer to another question, "I am single," she said, and sank into her seat, looking nervously at the wardress at her side.

Dr. Randall Oram, of Wandsworth, told how he had attended the deceased man for an impetigo, and how on the night of December 21 "Mrs. Stewart" came to him in a very excited condition and without hat or jacket.

"You must come at once," she said. "My husband is bleeding. He will bleed to death. I may as well tell you I have stabbed him."

The doctor went on to describe how Mr. Stewart, who had evidently been drinking, talked in a rambling sort of way, and said, "Oram, the woman has stabbed me."

The police were called, and the accused came into the bedroom. She turned to them, went on the witness, and in a despairing way said: "Here is the criminal; here is the murderer."

The accused, who had listened with a look of acute misery on her face, rose to her feet. In a firm voice she asked for the "actual words Graham Stewart used."

Dr. Oram repeated his statement. "No, no; think again," said the woman patiently, and, on the advice of the coroner, suggested the words used. "Did he not say: 'Hallo, old Chippie?'"

But the witness could not remember. Another medical man, Dr. John Miles, of Wandsworth, described the wound. "It was," he said, "five or six inches long, and entering through the back had pierced pleura, lungs, and diaphragm."

A much worn black-handled dinner-knife was produced, and the witness was of opinion that the wound could have been caused by this.

Affecting Scene.

During the luncheon interval the accused woman desired to see the body, but the coffin had been screwed down. The deceased man's brother and Dr. Oram walked across the court and silently shook hands with her. The apathy which had been so pronounced during most of the evidence vanished, and she burst into tears. An affecting scene followed when she was allowed, a few minutes later, to watch from the window the departure of the hearse and two carriages.

The jury, after a few minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of Manslaughter, and the accused woman, who declared that she wished to make a statement by counsel, was committed for trial.

LOST OR KIDNAPPED?

Little Boy and Girl Disappear Under Mysterious Circumstances.

The mysterious circumstances of the disappearance on the same day—December 21—of two little children, one of whom lived in the South and the other in the North of London, were reported yesterday.

It is believed by the mother of Joseph Edwin Evans, three years of age, that the child has been decoyed away by a "dark woman," whose identity she has been unable to establish.

Mrs. Evans, who is a widow, told the Southwark magistrate that her little boy went with a neighbour's little girl to the Farmhouse Mission, Harrow-street, where dinners were being given to poor children. While waiting outside the hall the child mysteriously disappeared.

It was on the same afternoon that Dora Pateman, five years of age, who left Mandeville-street Board school in company with other children, disappeared, and has not since been seen or heard of.

She lived with her parents at Rock-street, Clapton, and was described at the North London Court yesterday as chubby and fair, wearing a red velvet bonnet, a blue frock, and black jacket.

The Rev. Richard Lovett, secretary to the Religious Tract Society, has died suddenly at his house on Clapham Common.

"SUICIDE'S" REVIVAL.

Converted After Dramatically Threatening to Take His Life.

Striking scenes were witnessed at a Cardiff revival meeting when the following letter was read:

"My Dear Friends,—Before I take my worthless life, which I am going to take to-night, my last message on earth is this: 'God bless you all, my dear friends, for the prayers you have offered for me. Pray for me, an unhappy sinner.'"

"P.S.—Search the canal for my corpse."

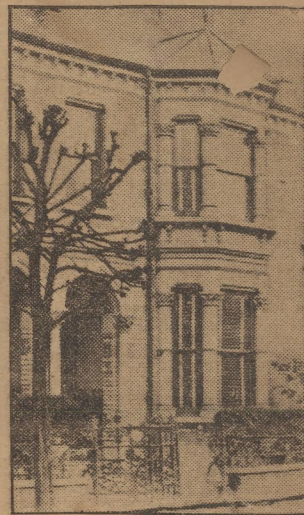
Subsequently the writer was discovered and brought into the meeting. He said that he had lost heart and hope, and there was no pardon for him.

For an hour a number of workers prayed with the man, and eventually he went on his knees and, after praying, declared that he was saved.

Outside the theatre at Maesteg an open-air service was being held, and when those inside came out they were surrounded by the revivalists.

Some of the theatre-goers resented this and became abusive. Finally the excitement became so great that the police had to intervene.

THE CLAPHAM TRAGEDY.



No. 51, Gorst-road, Wandsworth Common, where Mr. Alfred Graham Stewart, a barrister, came to his end through a knife wound. Mrs. Stewart stands charged with having caused his death.

REVENGE AT SEA.

Strange Story of a Fatal Affray Off the Cape of Good Hope.

When the sailing ship Norwood was off the Cape of Good Hope, on October 11, the captain was called to the side of his chief officer, Alexander McIntyre, to find him dying from a wound which one of the crew, Leon Muranda, a native of Manila, was alleged to have inflicted.

The ship has just arrived in the Thames, and Muranda was remanded at the Thames Police Court yesterday on a charge of murder. To Detective-inspector Reed, who arrested him, Muranda made a long statement, in which he said, "He plenty beat me and kick me. . . I then took out my sheath-knife and put it in his stomach. He say he kill me."

Such was the antipathy to doctors of a young woman upon whom an inquest was held at Hackney yesterday that during her illness she said, "If you want to get rid of me, send for a doctor."

Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCORFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, PIMPLES, etc., you should test the value of

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

PARIS MYSTERY.

M. Syveton Received a Mysterious Warning Before Death.

THREAT OF DISGRACE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The latest sensation in the Syveton mystery is the announcement in the "Gaulois" that Maitre Nollhan, Mme. Syveton's advocate, has told a friend that on the day of his death the deputy received a warning that if he appeared at the assizes to answer the charge of striking General André he would be acquitted, but would be proceeded against under a fresh charge. On the other hand, if he did not appear his private affairs would not be interfered with.

The narrative in which the *Daily Mirror* is tracing the history of the Syveton mystery broke off at the point when Mme. Ménard had dramatically declared her belief that M. Syveton had killed himself. That he was already dead was an actual fact, and it is urged that his step-daughter must have known beforehand that his death was going to take place. The narrative continues.

PART V.

The Syvetons lived in a comfortable commodious house at Neuilly, one of the prettiest of Paris suburbs. The house is not very far from the home of the Ménards.

Being a man of literary tastes, as well as of great political activity, M. Syveton was in the habit of spending many hours daily in his study, or "cabinet de travail." His study was warmed by one of those stoves so common in France—a stove that radiates a powerful heat by means of small balls of asbestos material made to glow by lighted gas.

Only a few evenings before the day of the tragedy some of his friends had asked him whether he did not find it "stuffy," working in an atmosphere vitiated by this apparatus. The deputy replied that he felt no ill effects.

The Night of the Tragedy.

He retired to his study at midday on the fatal December 8.

Madame Syveton was out during the morning, and, as far as is known, the only other people in the house were a regular servant and a woman who did occasional housework. The latter says that a visitor came to lunch.

Of what occurred immediately before the discovery of M. Syveton's dead body there is no account except that of Mme. Syveton.

Mme. Syveton declares that shortly after lunch she saw her husband alive and well. Then there was an interval of an hour. She went into the study to speak to her husband, and was horrified at the scene that met her eyes.

Before the stove her husband lay like a log, his head just underneath the opening of the grate. Over his head, covering it, was a newspaper, and by his side a half-smoked pipe.

With an effort she advanced and knelt down by the body. She removed the newspaper, and saw the face of a dead man. She called to him, but her anguished cries failed to bring him back to life. Then she summoned her servant. Doctors and political friends of M. Syveton were fetched.

"M. Syveton s'est suicidé," were the words that passed from mouth to mouth.

A Doubtful Question.

The doctors said that death had taken place some time. It appeared to be due to suffocation. But whether the suffocation had taken place in a few minutes through the dead man sucking the gas into his mouth as it gushed forth, and thus taking nothing but gas into his lungs, or whether the process had been much longer, and he had lain in an atmosphere composed partly of gas, partly of air, until he could breathe no longer, the doctors were unable at once to say.

Afterwards they favoured the latter view.

Mme. Syveton was the object of much sympathy. Everyone remarked how well she bore herself under the horror of the blow that had fallen on her. She had asserted that her husband was the victim of an accident. There must have been an escape of gas, and he had come under its deadly influence as he looked for the cause.

But afterwards she admitted that circumstances pointed to the verdict, "M. Syveton s'est suicidé."

Widow's Strange Composure.

She showed a strange composure when, a few days later, she explained to the legal authorities how she had found her husband lying in front of the stove. She stretched herself on the ground and put her own head on the spot where his had lain. Her conduct called forth a hurried protest from the examiners. "Madame, there is no need for you to do that."

But Paris did not rest content with Mme. Syveton's explanations. Journalists, lawyers, mystery-travellers set themselves to work to find out what M. Syveton had been doing, what had happened to him before he became prone before the fatal gas-stove.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Admiral Lord Charles Scott left Victoria Station yesterday en route for Australia.

Mr. Henry Richards, K.C., of the Connaught circuit, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court of Allahabad.

For cutting off a window strap and hacking a cushion in a Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway carriage, James Jackson has been sent to prison for a month.

The first part of the funeral service for the late Major-General Patrick J. Campbell, Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Horse Artillery, was held yesterday at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. The interment took place at Charlton Cemetery.

FIFTY-ONE COLLISIONS.

Recent returns show that there have been no fewer than fifty-one shipping collisions in the vicinity of Gravesend during the prolonged fog.

Only one vessel was sunk, however, the others escaping with more or less damage.

WHAT WE SPEND ON GOLF.

From recent statistics it is estimated that seven million sterling is annually spent in this country on golf.

There are 879 golf clubs in England, 632 in Scotland, and 134 in Ireland, numbering altogether close on half a million players.

NO DESIRE FOR RICHES.

Pleased with the way in which he discharged his duties as treasurer, the Clitheroe Education Committee, Lancashire, proposed to increase the salary of Mr. Mitchell, borough accountant, from £40 to £50 per annum.

Mr. Mitchell, however, said he was satisfied with his present salary, so the increase was not made.

COLISEUM CROWDED.

At a meeting of shareholders of the London Coliseum, it was stated yesterday that the advance bookings for the Christmas week had been exceptional.

Before the adoption of the report it was also announced that the performances up to date had been extremely well received.

MYSTERIOUS REMAINS.

During digging operations at a house in Pinchbeck, near Spalding, a human skull and the bones of an adult person have been discovered.

The remains, which were about three feet from the surface, have apparently been buried for many years, and the police are now busy investigating the mystery.

ALL GONE TO AMERICA.

Children's samplers, which were so eagerly sought after a year or two ago, are now found by dealers to be hardly saleable.

Most of the sampler purchasers, it appears, were Americans, and the specimens worked by our great-grandmothers when little girls, having found their way on the market, are now framed as curiosities on the other side of the Atlantic.

TEN MINUTES SAVED.

Already the crossing from Dover to Calais has been reduced to sixty minutes by the turbine steamer Queen.

Sufferers from mal-de-mer will be interested to hear that this time-limit is to be still further reduced.

Early in January two new steamers are to be launched which will accomplish the passage in fifty minutes.

APPEAL FOR HOMELESS BOYS.

Owing to the difficulty in finding work for many of the inmates of the Homes for Working Boys, the maintenance expenses of the society have been greatly increased.

Most assisted by these homes, there is no alternative for many of the boys but the workhouse, and under these circumstances the secretary, Mr. William Denham (12, Buckingham-street, Strand) appeals urgently for funds.

CONGREGATION PREFER MUSIC.

Speaking at a parochial tea, the vicar of St. Mary's, Malcock Bath, Derbyshire, strongly condemned the practice of having Sunday concerts on the premises in the summer.

While the promenade on a fine Sunday evening was packed with thousands, the church, he complained, was comparatively empty.

He hoped that in the future such concerts would be prohibited, or arranged so that they did not clash with the church services.

WATER POWER FACTORIES.

Important operations in connection with the Loch Leven water power factories will commence early next spring.

A concrete wall, three-quarters of a mile long, eight feet high, and fifty feet thick, will be built to dam up the waters of Loch-an-Jubhair and the other tarns on the Blackwater range, and from this wall a concrete canal, four miles long, will be formed.

Already the cost of Parliamentary and other professional work connected with the scheme amounts to about £40,000.

Peter Brierley pleaded at Stockport that he stole some tools "to appease his hunger."

Major-General F. G. Slade, C.B., Inspector-General of the Royal Garrison Artillery, left Victoria yesterday for Marseilles, en route to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Ceylon.

On and from January 1 Press telegrams between the United Kingdom and Hungary will, from 6 p.m. to 9 a.m., be accepted at the rate of 13d. a word, with a minimum charge of 10d. per telegram.

"I'M THE LODGER."

"I'm only a lodger," said Walter Hughes when charged at Newport with stealing coal at the Old Dock.

Owing to his landlady being in hospital there was no coal in the house, and Hughes, who bore a good character, was bound over.

TRAM CONDUCTORS AT THE LECTERN.

Next Sunday a church parade for L.C.C. tramwaymen will be held at St. Mark's Church, Kensington.

A novel feature of the service will be the reading of the Lessons by two conductors in uniform. The Bishop of Rochester will preach.

GREAT TEXTILE COMBINATION.

Arrangements are being completed for a fusion of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and the Bolton Master Cotton Spinners' Association.

These two organisations represent about 26,000,000 spindles, and when united will form the largest textile employers' combination in the world.

OLD-SCHOOL INNKEEPER.

One of the oldest and most popular innkeepers of Cheshire has passed away in the person of Mr. Henry Collier, of Blakelock, near Nantwich.

Forty-four years ago he built his own house, of which he has been owner and tenant ever since, and down to his death he continued to brew his own beer on his own premises.

JUSTICE IN COMFORT.

"I can't sit here," said the magistrate at Bradford, on finding the temperature of the police-court uncomfortably low.

An adjournment was then made to the clerk's room, where a huge fire was burning, and comfortable seats before the hearth the magistrate proceeded to deal with the prisoners.

HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Homeless and out of work, Florence Tyler, a polisher, was charitably given shelter by Mrs. May Smith, of Aston, Warwickshire.

But when Mrs. Smith a few days later returned from her shopping she discovered that Tyler had pawned the blankets and spent the money in drink.

"A mean thief," said the Aston magistrate when sentencing Tyler to three months' hard labour.

LAW OF DUSTBINS.

Are householders compelled to place dustbins in front of their houses?

Mr. George Biddell, of Teddington, requested by the urban district council to do so, declined, and the council, thereupon refusing to collect his refuse, were summoned by him at the Magistrate.

In imposing a 5s. fine, the magistrate held the council's request to be reasonable, but, having undertaken to collect house refuse, they must collect it wherever the dust receptacle was placed.

MUST WASH FIRST.

To rescue from the gutter boys who are beyond the reach of the ordinary religious and charitable agencies is the object of the Hull Boys' Club.

According to a new rule, the little walls must enter the club through a warm bath, and it is stated that this condition has in no wise diminished the number of visitors.

After bathing, the boys can obtain a good meal for a 3d., and also whatever instruction or entertainment they desire.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

When a policeman endeavoured to eject him from the Railway Inn, Hayfield, Derbyshire, Andrew Hyslope is stated to have "behaved like a man."

"He struck a man over the nose with his force as to knock him over the garden wall," said the constable, giving evidence at the New Mills Police Court.

Hyslope, who said he only remembered drinking three glasses of whisky and four pints of beer, was fined 20s. and costs.

GOURMETS ON 2d. A DAY.

Working men will hear with amazement from Mr. Eustace Miles, the well-known writer on hygiene, that they can feed themselves handsomely on 2d. a day.

Three halfpence a day is the sum expended on food by a clergyman of Mr. Miles's acquaintance, who enjoys the best of health under this frugal régime.

Tea, sugar, arrowroot, and all alcoholic drinks are, of course, excluded from a household budget. He allows himself a liberal indulgence of such appetising dishes as lemon peel, haricot beans, marjoram, and breadcrumbs.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's

"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

OBSOLETE GUNS.

Such guns as those shown in the photograph on page 1 were the latest thing in field artillery once upon a time, but it is some years since they became obsolete. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that orders have at last been issued for the re-arrangement of practically the whole of the British artillery. Some £2,500,000 has been allotted for this purpose. The new guns are quickfiring, and not only throw a heavier projectile than the weapons they displace, but will be capable of firing twelve shots in the same time the old gun could fire three. When the new guns are issued the British Army will possess as fine an artillery arm as any in the world. But it will be eighteen months or two years before they are all ready; and our position, if war should break out before that time has elapsed, is not a pleasant one to think of.

THE FALL OF THE ERLING FORTS.

The whole of the harbour of Port Arthur now lies at the mercy of the Japanese. Not even the smallest craft can find a shelter from the searching fire of the Japanese heavy guns. Every corner of the harbour that cannot be reached by the guns of 208 Metre Hill is dominated by those to be mounted on the Erling Heights, as will be understood from the map on page 1. The few torpedo-boats that alone remain afloat at Port Arthur of the once powerful Russian Far Eastern fleet must now share the fate of the larger vessels.

TOGO'S TRIUMPH.

Admiral Togo should be a proud man during the next few days, for progress to Tokyo, where he will personally report to the Mikado the fulfilment of his task at Port Arthur, will be a veritable triumph. The Japanese have thrown themselves into the business of preparing a welcome for him with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and every place which he passes through will be decorated as shown in the picture on page 1. The scene that awaits the victorious Admiral at Tokio may be realised by a glance at pages 8 and 9.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

An excellent answer to those unreasonable sentimentalists who are always complaining of County Council vandalism in the pulling down of picturesque bits of old London was supplied by the collapse of a house in Back-cour, Cloth Fair, as pictured on page 9. The children of the occupants only escaped by a moment or two. Hearing a loud crack late in the evening, their parents hurriedly took the little ones from their beds, and they had only just left the building when the roof collapsed. The children were buried in the debris of the fallen roof. On the whole, it is advisable to study safety before artistic effect.

A MYSTERIOUS POSTER.

The excitement of electioneering is waxing hot in Mile End, and the appearance of the poster illustrated on page 9 is not a poetic nature study, but a political enigma. It is repudiated by both official organisations. By whom it was printed and posted remains a mystery. Mr. Lawson, the Conservative candidate, who is seen with the members of his committee on the same page, holds out through his agent dark threats of "taking steps" against the perpetrator of the offending placard when certain suspicions shall have been verified.

A ROYAL NOVELIST.

A little book of novels, entitled "The Forest," and purporting to be written by "F. Hugin," has just been discovered to be the work of Princess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein, the youngest sister of the Kaiser. As a result the first edition of the book has been sold out, and the work is for the moment, out of print. It is a dainty volume, bound in green velvet and leather, and contains four full-page illustrations, as well as ornamental initials and headings drawn by the clever author. The stories are really poetic nature studies, and the Princess, whose portrait is given on page 9, may be congratulated on a successful first effort. Some people in Germany are already complaining of the commercial activities of the Kaiser, who is a brickfield proprietor amongst other things; and no doubt they will now make their moan over royal competition in literature—but it is hardly a serious matter at present.

THE "RECORD" FIRE STATION.

The Eltham Fire Brigade now hold the record for the smartest turn-out. Fifteen seconds after a call they are on their way to the scene of the fire. The headquarters station in Southwark Bridge-road, hitherto held the record, their best achievement occupying twenty seconds from the alarm to the start. The success of the Eltham firemen is owing to the American lightning system of harnessing horses, which is illustrated on page 9. The harness is suspended, and automatically drops upon the horses when needed. A buckle or two then needs to be clasped, and all is complete. The system is to be introduced into other fire stations, so no doubt the Eltham men will not be allowed to retain their record without a struggle.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—

8, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Helborn.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1904.

PLEASE DON'T HIT US.

Our War Office has at last decided to arm the Artillery. The new guns, it is said, are to be ready within two years, and we understand that a polite message has been sent to all the other Powers requesting them not to make war on us in the interim.—*This week's "Punch."*

THE situation could not be more neatly or more truly expressed. Mr. Punch has proved himself a good prophet. Scarcely had his current issue appeared containing this ironical paragraph than the announcement was made that orders for guns to the amount of $\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling had been placed with various firms.

How comes it that such an enormous sum of money has to be spent all at once? Who is to blame for the present defenceless condition of the artillery?

We knew more than three years ago that our Army must be provided with fresh guns, such as France, Germany, and Russia possess—lighter guns, guns which will shoot further, guns which will fire more quickly. We knew that until it was so provided we could not face an enemy with any confidence. The first step we took was sound enough. A committee of experts was appointed to advise as to the type of gun best suited to our needs.

Unfortunately no one thought of telling the Committee that there was any hurry. They went to work in a leisurely fashion, and took 2½ years to make up their minds.

Just think of it! Supposing you became the owner of a warehouse exposed to serious fire risks and took two and a half years to decide which insurance company's policy you would accept, leaving your premises uninsured all that time? That is an exact parallel to what the Government did when they allowed these two and a half years to slip by without coming to any decision.

Even when the Committee had reported in favour of certain kinds of gun nothing was done. Desultory discussion was allowed to go on month after month until nearly another year had flown. Then the leaders of public opinion in the Press grew impatient. Day after day they raised voices of angry protest. Now at last the Government has been goaded into action, and there is every hope that in the course of eighteen months or two years we shall be ready to go to war, if necessity should arise.

All we can do in the meantime is to pray with especial fervour for peace during the next two years, and reflect upon the humiliating figure we cut, thanks to the foresight, the caution, and the patriotism of our politicians.

STILL A MYSTERY.

Why do women use perfumes so much more than men? It is very rare to find one who does not use scent of some kind, whereas men usually abominate the practice.

The reason has long been supposed to be that women's sense of smell was very much more acute than men's for odours of the kinds that produce unpleasant sensations. Two French professors, however, have been making experiments which show that this supposition does not stand the test of experience.

At first the professors thought that women had keener noses than men, that they noticed smells more quickly, and were more affected by them. But now they are convinced that so far as "sour and sweet" smells are concerned the perceptions of the sexes are equal, while "salt and bitter" smells make even more impression upon the nostrils of men than of women.

So we are still left to wonder why women's dressing-tables always include bottles of various searching perfume, whereas men can hardly be induced to put upon their handkerchiefs even a little lavender-water or eau de Cologne.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No fool was ever so foolish but someone thought him clever.—George Eliot.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the last of the King's week-end parties begins at Sandringham, and lasts until Monday, when the King and Queen go on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The readers—the professional readers presumably—of the "Tailor and Cutter" were regaled yesterday, by the way, with a most satisfying description of the particular kind of overcoat worn by his Majesty this winter. It is made of dark grey cloth, with lapels of a lighter hue, cut so as to show the royal collar and tie. The coat extends to below the royal knees, has "only three buttons up each fore-part, of the four-hole ivory pattern," has a collar of velvet, and turn-back cuffs, and altogether

sounds a perfect marvel of the sartorial art. It ought to have a great vogue amongst those who follow in the steps of fashion.

* * *

Children's tea-parties are sometimes rather dangerous functions; when the children do not eat too much they generally manage to hurt themselves in some other way. Lady de Trafford, whose thirteen-year-old son has just had a narrow escape from burning at one of her annual parties, is a great favourite with children. Both in Arlington-street and at her house near Market Harborough she entertains them at old-fashioned "tea-fights," which she has made quite fashionable again.

Lady de Trafford's own name is Violet, and she uses her aristocratic monogram, "V. de T.," on all her notepaper and handkerchiefs. This monogram has given her the nickname "V. de T.," and that is what she is always called amongst her intimate friends. Her husband, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, is a very young-looking man of about forty, and a great sportsman. He breeds horses and dogs at Hill Crest, and his blue roans are famous on the country-side.

* * *

There is something pathetic about the story of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who has just arrived from Germany, where he is being trained in the strictest military fashion, to spend a short holiday with his mother, the Duchess of Albany, in England. It was the Duke of Connaught who thrust the throne of Coburg upon the young Prince by renouncing it for himself. The Duke of Albany, as he was then, would have much preferred, but did not dare confess it, to remain in England with his mother and friends, rather than accept his unlooked-for responsibilities.

* * *

Probably the young Prince's happiest years were those he spent in Mr. Benson's House at Eton, as one amidst a crowd of careless schoolboys. It is said that the Duchess of Albany carefully stipulated, when she sent her son to Eton, that he should be treated just like any other boy. That was an unnecessary precaution, for his companions put themselves at their ease with "Albany" at once. One day the young Duke had a note passed to him in class. The master intercepted the note, and read it. On the outside it bore the following disrespectful address:—"To his Royal Foolishness, Dirty-faced Albany." Such is the prestige of rank (other than sporting rank) amongst schoolboys!

The Eton boy is now a young man of twenty, still a little delicate in appearance, but good-looking and intelligent. He is said, indeed, to be the cleverest of all Queen Victoria's grandsons, and to be more fond of reading than of the eternal round of military duties to which all German Princes are condemned. His mother is now very English in tastes, though German by birth. Perhaps it was for that reason that the Kaiser insisted upon her son being brought up, as soon as he had accepted the Coburg succession, away from her influence.

* * *

His numerous English admirers will be sorry to hear that Pierre Loti, otherwise Julien Viaud, naval officer, writer of poetical French stories, and wanderer over the face of the earth, is rather seriously ill. It is magnanimous of us in England to admire M. Loti, because he does not like us at all. His book on India was dedicated in dithyrambic terms to President Kruger; and though he received the hospitality of English people in that country, he severely ignored their existence in the account he gave of it. The only Englishwoman he mentioned was Mrs. Annie Besant, whom he interviewed in a Buddhist monastery. But he managed to give even her name a foreign turn by spelling it wrongly.

* * *

When he is in France, and he is there very seldom, M. Loti spends his dreary days wrapped in the costume of an Arab, writing, or admiring the wonderful furniture which he has piled up in his house at Rochefort. That house contains an Indian room, gloomy with the solemn figures of gods; an Arabian room, rich with divans and cool with fountains; and, above all, a mosque—a real miniature mosque—where M. Loti, chieftain on an Eastern rug, spends hours in the study of the Koran.

* * *

French artists ignore all but what they consider the very best in English art. It is therefore a very unusual circumstance which has just been paid to Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who has been elected to follow no less a person than Watts as corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. This recognition has certainly come uncanvassed to the quiet, Cornish painter, who worries as little as he possibly can about society, and making useful friends, and speaking at public banquets. If you happen to be staying at Penzance you may walk thence to the little village of Newlyn, where you will find Mr. Forbes peacefully at work, and beloved of all the country people near.

* * *

He inhabits an old farmhouse at Newlyn, and has only added to it by building a stone studio. He went there years ago for a holiday, and liked it so much that he forgot to come away. "I came to Newlyn," he sometimes says, "for a fortnight—and I have stayed sixteen years." His chief recreation there, besides walking, is playing the 'cello in the village orchestral society, which he has painted, himself omitted, in the picture called "The Village Philharmonic."

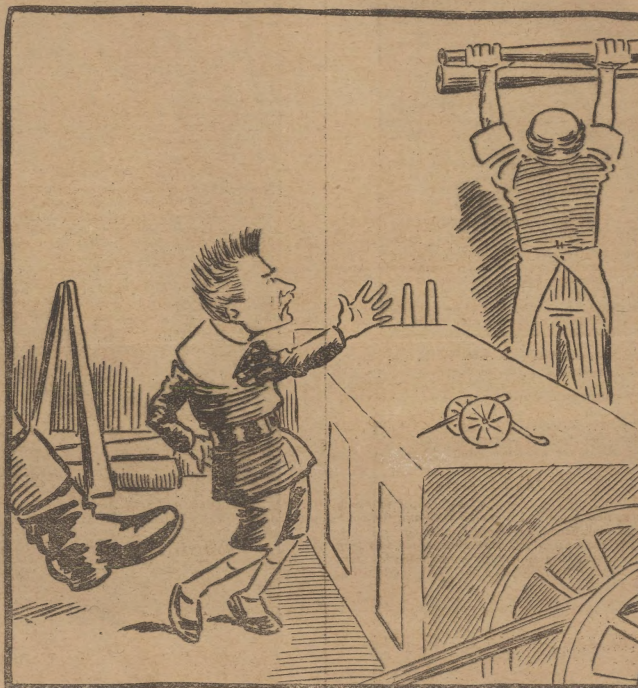
IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 30.—Whenever anyone says to me, "My garden is too small to do anything with," I know at once the speaker has no real love for flowers.

I often pass the front garden of a certain villa hard by me: it is always a pleasure to see it. From early spring to late autumn it is never flowerless—even now a golden euonymus makes it look cheerful. It is less than three yards square.

I know another "garden," a quarter of this size, containing a primrose, a pink, sweet peas, and chrysanthemum! Foolish, you say, but this tiny "garden" has flowers from March to November! E. F. T.

BY ORDER OF THE BOOT.



"Oh, please will you give me two and a half millions' worth of guns, and let me have them quick, please, 'cause Master says I ought to have bought them long ago."

[The War Office have at last been induced, by persistent newspaper attacks, to order the field-guns of which our artillery has stood for years past in such urgent need.]

TWO MEN OF THE MOMENT.

Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura.

TO-DAY they return home for a show visit to the country they have served so well, and Japan is in a state of festival to welcome her heroes.

Togo especially is the hero of Japan. Not that he will show any signs that he recognises the fact. He never shows his feelings under any circumstances, and behaves as though his one ambition—next to his country's honour—were to avoid popularity.

There is something almost inhuman about his stony coldness. The expression of his face never changes. It has always the same hard look, whether his ears are assailed by the hiss of bullets or the ring of cheers.

To meet or to watch, he is just a little, grey-bearded man, with a stern and almost cruel face, deeply silent, and with never a word of praise or commendation. Still, he is a demi-god to his men, for they judge him by his acts and love him for his very severity.

Born forty-seven years ago, his life has been given to his profession. He was a cadet on the Worcester, in the Thames, but was of too cold a nature to be popular, but when he had returned to his own country and had reached to a position of authority, the stuff he is made of became evident, and he earned devotion, if not love. Later, his men learnt to worship him.

Admiral Kamimura is only second to Togo in the hearts of the Japanese.

His naval training is purely Japanese, and the work he has done shows how good that training is. He was a captain at the time of the Chinese war, and took a very prominent part in three great naval battles, making himself famous as a torpedo expert.

When the war broke out he took command of the cruiser-squadron which harassed the Vladivostok fleet. The sinking of the Kurik and the flight of her sister ships shows how thoroughly he did his work.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Europe and America.

How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive hats?

I take him shopping with me, walk him about until he can hardly stand, and then take him into a hat-shop. He'll buy anything to get home.—"Simplicissimus" (German).

Friend: How are you doing now?

Author: First rate. The Rev. Mr. Sainctie and I have gone into partnership. Making money hand over fist.

Friend: Eh? How do you manage?

Author: I write books and lie denounces them.—"New York Weekly."

Uncle Fritz was invited out to a Christmas dinner at his brother's, and the hostess smilingly pressed him to take some more duck.

"I have already had two helpings," says Uncle Fritz, "but as it is so very good I will take still another."

"Hurrah! hurrah! Uncle," joyfully cries little Hans. "Mama has won. She betted with papa that you'd eat everything up from us!"—"Jugend" (German).

Carl, aged three, and his baby sister of eighteen months, slept in the same room as their parents. Carl woke up early and tormented his still sleepy father with questions.

"Father, can a cow speak?" "No, my child."

"Father, can a dog speak?" The father, thinking Carl was going through the entire list of animals that he knew, said severely: "No animal can speak. And you must now keep quiet, for father wants to sleep."

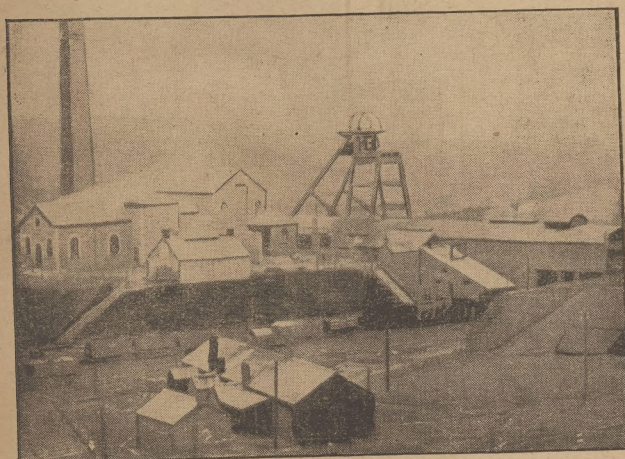
For a long time the child remained quiet; then, being no longer able to restrain his curiosity, he asked, timidly: "Father, what kind of an animal is baby?"—"Tagliche Rundschau" (Austrian).

The World's News PICTURED

ENTHUSIASTIC REVIVALISTS IN WALES.



A mid-day meeting of Maesteg navvies. The champion wrestler and boxer of Devon, a recent convert, is amongst them.



The Caeran Colliery, Maesteg, South Wales. Twenty thousand men hold meetings here every day. Four meetings are held by the day shift and four by the night shift, amid scenes of wild excitement.

WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.



A number of men have been given the job of painting the railings outside the church opposite Poplar Town Hall. It will only last a few days, but they are thankful enough for even a momentary relief from destitution.

HOW TOKIO WILL RECEIVE THE



The Japanese are as expert at making holiday as they are at making war. The Tokio people greet the Mikado the completion of his work before Port Arthur. Our photographs show what the gallant Admiral, who is expected in Tokio to-day.—(Stereo)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT



Mr. F. A. Mackenzie, of the "Daily Mail," at work in his movable headquarters in Manchuria. His interpreter is, meanwhile, enjoying the contents of a magazine.

TORIOUS ADMIRAL TOGO.



to give Admiral Togo a royal reception when he comes to report to
like when it makes festival. On the left-hand side is a portrait of the
yright 1904, Underwood and Underwood.)

FRONT.

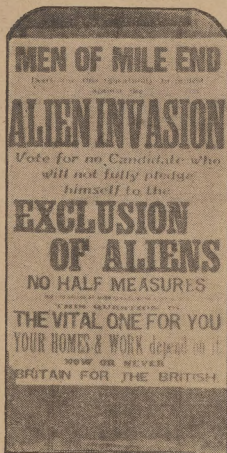


craser, of the "Times," on his way home to recuperate after an injury.
This method of travelling is more comfortable than rapid.



NEWS VIEWS

MILE END ELECTION PHOTOGRAPHS.



No one knows who printed or posted the poster shown above, which suddenly appeared on the walls of
Mile End. Mr. Straus and Mr. Lawson both repudiate it. Mr. Lawson's agent, who has his own sus-
picions, darkly threatens to "take my own steps" when the proper time arrives. Mr. Lawson's com-
mittee were also captured by our photographer—the candidate himself is indicated by a cross.

A ROYAL NOVELIST.



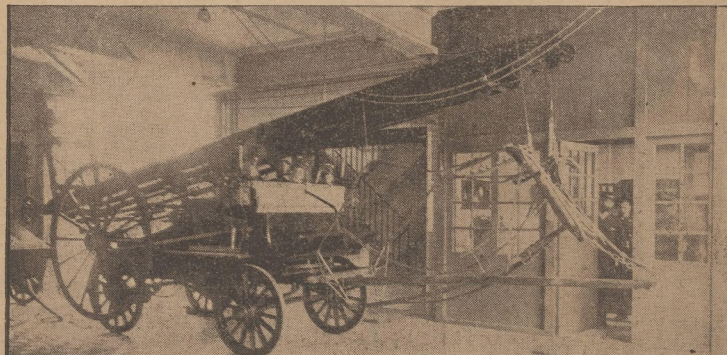
The Kaiserin's youngest sister, Prin-
cess Feodora of Schleswig-Holstein,
the authoress of "The Forest." She
signed the book "F. Hugin."

A NARROW ESCAPE.



The roof of this house in Back-court, Clothfair, fell
in on Wednesday night, the occupants, Mr. and Mrs.
Gibbs, and family, barely escaping with their lives.

A "FIFTEEN-SECOND" RECORD.



With the assistance of the American lightning system of harnessing horses, the Eltham Fire Brigade
have beaten the record for the quickest "turn-out" after a call. Fifteen seconds after the alarm they
were out of the station, five seconds better than the Southwark Bridge-road headquarters record.

XMAS TREE DAY IN HOSPITAL.

Joys That Little Patients Have
Been Tasting This Week.

By MARION ELLISTON.

"Yes, I wish it didn't hurt so, but—but—I don't think—" and she stopped and looked round to see if Sister was listening. Sister was obligingly absorbed in the arrangement of the little white quilt, so the diminutive housekeeper who had scalded her leg when she was trying to get tea ready by the time her mother came home from work went on in a cautious whisper, "but, I don't think I want it to get quite well before Christmas."

And it didn't! It is a singular thing that there are very few doctors who can grapple with the sicknesses of hospital children during the week before Christmas! They make the pains more hurt so, but badly, and the cough not hurt so, but badly, and they get them to get out! They just look at thermometers and charts and shake their heads with a queer solemnity that seems to have mixed itself up with a twinkle, and say, "Very bad case, very bad case indeed."

Then they go off to do a little amateur gardening in the middle of the ward. Sister doesn't look nearly as distressed about the "very bad case" as she really ought to do; and the "very bad case" itself heaves a sigh of supreme relief!

WATCHING THE PREPARATIONS.

It is that amateur gardening that explains it all! Somehow or other a huge tree has to sprout out of the floor and grow up very nearly as high as the ceiling, and it has to grow the most wonderful sort of fruits that ever was, in—well, almost no time! And—oh, bewildering joy—twenty, thirty, or a hundred little red-jacketed patients can sit up in their twenty, thirty, or a hundred little cots and blink their eyes and forget their aches in the lovely magic of it all.

Why, it is no sooper there than that buds out into lovely blossoms of strings of rainbow-coloured beads, with fringes of tinsel and tassels of shimmery. Then comes a winter storm, but the tree doesn't blow over, and it doesn't get wet—only all covered up with snow of cotton-wool and hail-stones of white powder—and, oh dear, was ever anything so nice to watch!

Then it gets to the most interesting time—Harvest Thanksgiving time, too! It is all sorts—and such queer fruits get themselves on to it; lovely dillies—Red-Ridged Hoops and gollivows, grown-up dillies and baby dillies, dillies that shut their eyes and dillies with clothes that take "on and off!" And railway engines, and dove-cotes that you wind up underneath and the doves fly out and back again, and pots of

jam that have Sunny Jim shut up inside, and he leaps out over the side just like the poster says!

And the knife-cleaner man that you wind up, and the Noah's Ark and the hansom cab, and, well, something is sure to be for you, and you can wonder looking at it, and wondering and wondering which it will be. If you wonder out loud, Sister doesn't seem to be listening—no, nor Nurse; they are much too busy putting up those lovely Chinese lanterns and making the ward look like a greenhouse with such lots of lovely flowers instead of medicine bottles, but still all the same, wondering out loud is a splendidly good plan—things are sure to work out right if you do it!

Why, there's Janet, the hurdy-gurdy baby who used to live in a cradle on the handles of a street-organ, in the dearest little white frock and pinny. And look at the boy over there with lovely hair that makes his head look exactly like a beautifully-polished copper kettle!

THE EXCITEMENT OF VISITORS.

When we are ready people begin coming in to see us and saying nice things to us. They all look at us as if they were dreadfully sorry over us! We can't think why! We're having Christmas and never have Christmas-trees and Chinese lanterns and things like this at home. It makes us quite forget about aches and pains and medicines and dressings and things!

There is only one trouble left, and that is that the grown-up people will keep getting in the way, just between the Punch and Judy show and us, so that we can't see. And it always happens at the exciting moment, just when Punch is beating Judy, or when he throws the baby out of the window, or when the policeman is coming. But never mind, you can't expect grown-ups to remember everything—they generally mean well.

It is such a nice kind of going-to-sleep that night! It all mixes up so well, nurses and holly and doctors and flags and lanterns and trees and Father Christmas—! It goes on inside your head all night long. You can't have dreams like that at night. You can't have dreams like that in hospital any other night. But when the lights are turned down, and there is only the firelight to twinkle and flicker all over the tree that the doctors "grew," and the fruits that the nurses and their friends coaxed into ripening in the time—well, then it all begins, and you can't stop it.

PARTY DAY.

By the time you wake up again it is the real party day, and such fun! Matron comes round and looks at everybody. The doctors come round and look at everybody. Sister comes round and looks at everybody, and if you are getting a little bit well, she asks you about your clothes, and if you don't have a treat to be allowed to get up. And then she goes away again, and comes back with lots of lovely new clothes—white muslin pinafores and scarlet overalls and tidy shoes, so that you don't have to be at the party in your own old clothes—why, it would be better to stay in bed than that.

By the time the Punch and Judy is done the doctors say it is time to light up the tree and all the Chinese lanterns, and, oh, it does make it all

look so fine—the little twinkly lights up there among the holly, and down on the tables among the yellow chrysanthemums and the green, really stuff, as well as all over the tree in between the dillies and the woolly lambs and the Jumbos.

When it is all right, they begin to cut off the things that grow on it, and to call out the names that the label says. It gets dreadfully exciting, listening for your own name and wondering what it is tied on to, but it always turns out right when it really does come.

Oh, you can't think how lovely Christmas-tree day is to a youngster in a hospital cot. If only it could just begin all over again to-morrow!

ON THE ROAD.

Commercial Travellers as They Are Supposed
To Be, and as They Are.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLING: Its Features, Past and Present. By Algernon Warren. Unw. 6s.

What is a commercial traveller really like? Many people imagine him as a seedy individual, who may be seen alighting from a closed vehicle at the doors of fashionable shops and emerging a moment after looking seadier still. In reality, he is not like that at all. Mr. Warren's purpose is to show him to us as he is to-day; and also to contrast him with his counterpart of yesterday.

The old-fashioned commercial traveller was a very easy-going person. He went about in a leisurely manner. He offered his customers drinks, and drank rather freely himself. One of them, for whom we have a sneaking regard, and whom Mr. Warren alludes to as Mr. B—, really took his duties too light-heartedly.

"The last time I heard of his being here," said a comrade of his, "he took to his bed after a big drink and didn't get up for three days, and wouldn't open a letter. At last the maid said to him, 'Really, Mr. B—, you ought to open your letters.' But he said, 'I have something important to me.' But old B— only said in a boozey voice, 'There may be something of importance to my employers, but there's nothing whatever of importance to me.'"

Nowadays commercial travellers have to be in a hurry. They can spend little time over their cups. Competition has made them serious. They have to work hard—sometimes twelve hours a day. They must be intelligent. Mr. Warren has a very instructive chapter on "the temperament which befits a commercial traveller." Ought he to be nervous and timid, or bold and firm in his manner? He ought to be neither the one nor the other. But it is better for him to be anxious about the impression he makes on buyers than to be over-confident.

One conceited traveller said that he could always tell the difference between a principal travelling on his own account and a representative of a firm.

"What do you think?" he said, addressing another traveller in the room. "I should tell you that I was a principal, and the other, snappishly, 'I should think a principal.'"

"Right, my dear sir! But what made you think it?" "Think it?" said the snappish traveller, "why because no firm in their senses would be such fools as to send you out travelling for them."

Then the conversation abruptly ended.

arms. Gertrude unconsciously drew back. Lady Gascoyne fell back in a chair and nodded her head slowly.

"You are right, Gertrude, I deserve it—but go to him. I'll be quiet here."

"I shall only be away a few minutes," answered Gertrude.

The miserable woman, left alone, began restlessly fidgeting from side to side, the other, twisting her hands impatiently, and shifting her position in the chair. Then she sprang up and began to walk up and down as before. Then suspicion darted across her almost disordered brain. She stopped, panting.

"I wonder—I wonder. Could he be deceiving me? Could she? Have they told me the whole truth?"

She slipped out of the door and looked out. No one was in sight. She slipped out and down the stairs, and along the rambling corridors. She came to the library door. A servant passed at the instant. She put her hand on the knob as though to enter. It turned, slowly, silently, in her grasp. The door was ajar now, and she was alone in the hall.

She stood for a moment in a stupor of indecision, an assertion of love. She smiled bitterly. In an instant, however, her face changed. They got back to the inevitable topic.

"I can't deny," she heard Mordaunt say, "that Cantor made every point against him that could be made. He handled the case with great strength. There's no denying either the circumstances or the justice of the poor beggar, who had much to gain by the crime. That's where the whole trouble comes in—the motive. His great chance lies in the perfect openness of the clues. Personally I believe him innocent; but, then, the jury hasn't seen him in his cell as I saw him; and I have had the personal assurance which I had under circumstances which make me accept it absolutely."

Lady Gascoyne trembled as she listened to words of such doubtful encouragement.

"What was the impression on Lanse," she heard Gertrude ask. "You know we've so often talked about it in the old days at the house. He used to say, 'don't you remember, that, try as they could, the judges could not help giving little unconscious hints as to the kind of conclusions they were forming.'"

The breathless listener caught Mordaunt's reply. "Oh, don't mind me," snapped Lady Gascoyne, with an aggrieved air. Then her mood suddenly changed.

"I'm sorry, Gertrude, I'm not a cat, and I don't mean to scratch—but I don't know, I can't stand any more. You are very kind and patient."

She stopped in her walk and stretched out her

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING.

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LV.

"He Was With Me."

In the meantime Mordaunt had arrived at the house of the dignitary in which Lady Gascoyne and her sister-in-law were staying. He heard voices in the drawing-room. He felt he could not face a crowd of people.

"Is Miss Gascoyne there?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the servant. "I think she is upstairs with her ladyship."

"Can you take me somewhere, and tell her that I should like to see her?"

The butler led the way into the library, and to the waiting Mordaunt in an instant flew Gertrude. She closed the door behind her, and stood an instant looking at him. He shook his head.

"Not over yet," he said.

"Not to-morrow—not another night of this?"

He explained the circumstances.

"Thank God!" she murmured, "it will be ended soon."

"How is she?" he asked.

"Worse than ever. She is completely broken down. She spends her time between the bed and the window. I do feel sorry for her, Hughie, at moments—but, oh, what a position for me, for his sister, for one who loves and honours him as I do; and her heart is not hard for him, but for another. Oh, I have had a hard time to keep back the biting words when I think of her deceit, Hughie. When I think of the shameful way in which she has treated Alanson my blood boils. It surely cannot be right that we should allow him to go on living in this fool's paradise—and yet, if he should awake, awake to find it hell—yes, that is the only word, that is what it would be to him. Oh, what shall I do? God give me strength to see my duty. Oh, I've forgotten, she heard the maid say that you were here. I promised I'd run back to her. Quick, what shall I tell her?"

"I'm like a doctor," said Mordaunt; "the patient may recover. I hope for the best. I believe it will

be all right, but who can speak with certainty either of death or of injury? With neither are we sure until the final verdict has been pronounced. Tell her that counsel on both sides are agreed that he has more than a fighting chance, that Mortimer spoke brilliantly for him, that if the summing-up were entirely favourable, as a legal mind thinks it ought to be, he will be acquitted."

"Don't go, Hughie; I'll come back in a minute."

Gertrude turned and raced upstairs. She found her sister-in-law pacing up and down the room.

"Why are you dressed?" cried Gertrude, looking with surprise from the discarded wrapper to the street costume.

"You were wrong—I was just coming down. I threw it on anyhow. Well?"

Gertrude gave her message.

"My God—more waiting," moaned Lady Gascoyne, burying her face in her hands.

"It will soon be over," Gertrude said quietly; "everything looks bright."

"Bright, you call it that?"

"So it is. I am quite sure that he means more than he says."

"He is not certain," said Lady Gascoyne in a stifled voice.

She caught sight of herself in the glass as she walked up and down.

"Gracious, what a fright I look," she cried impatiently, "I was apparently unconsciously, for she resumed her walk and wrung her hands in unrestrained abandonment to misery."

"I suppose you hate me," she said, turning abruptly and facing Gertrude defiantly.

Tears were in Gertrude's eyes.

"I don't care," panted the half-distraught woman. "I don't care what anybody thinks of me."

"What wouldn't I give for a half-hour's sleep? Nothing makes me do that. I've taken tons of sulphonal. There, there, go to him—a half-hour's adjournment, you say. There's nothing but to wait."

"I told him I'd come back," said Gertrude, "but I won't if you'd rather not be left alone."

"Oh, don't mind me," snapped Lady Gascoyne, with an aggrieved air. Then her mood suddenly changed.

"I'm sorry, Gertrude, I'm not a cat, and I don't mean to scratch—but I don't know, I can't stand any more. You are very kind and patient."

She stopped in her walk and stretched out her



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With YOUNG WOMEN. 3/6

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER,

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EVAN—EVANGELIST.

Life Story of the Wonderful Welsh Collier-Preacher.

TALES OF HIS BOYHOOD.

Since the days when John Wesley, bearing the flaming sword of religion, travelled from village to village throughout the kingdom, no such religious revival has been known, which has swept through South Wales during the past two months. From time to time the north country has been visited by revivalist preachers, and men and women have come under the influence of the power of emotional religion, but it has remained for Evan Roberts, a young Welsh miner, to produce an impression that has, within a few weeks, made his name a household word.

He is only twenty-six years old, this young miner-preacher, with his pale face, big, dark eyes and waving hair, and his birthplace is a tiny Welsh village called Loughor, eight miles from Swansea. A mile from the village is the district of Gorscinnon, and here upon a lonely, steep road is a tiny stone cottage overlooking a great marshy swamp, and in the distance the blurred outline of the desolate Llan-gannech hills. Here he was born, and here he has spent his life.

ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY.

Evan Roberts was one of seven sons. Tribulation has come to the Roberts family, for only three sons out of the seven are now living. The daughters there were to complete the family. The atmosphere of this home since the birth of Evan Roberts has always been deeply religious. As each son and daughter has been born there have been prayers and hymns of thanksgiving in the cottage. In his early childhood and in his home life Evan Roberts's father has been a deeply religious man, and his children have been brought up with the one thought of duty in their minds.

A neighbour tells of how Mrs. Roberts was always anxious that if it were possible one of her sons should be trained for the ministry. "I have another son to serve God now," she said, after the birth of Evan, "and perhaps it may be that one day he will be a preacher."

The baby was about as big as a hen. He crawled about the floor of the pleasant living room, and, as he grew older, played in the trim garden which surrounds the house. He was one little one in a large family, and he received no more than his share of the mother's care and love. But from the first day when Evan Roberts could slip his childish troubles to his mother he was taught to know the difference between right and wrong.

"Never mind how difficult it is," said his mother, "always do right, and you must never tell a lie."

So the first years of the child's life were lived in the pleasant, happy home. Then came the school-days.

Holding his brother's hand, the child Evan went

daily to the National schools at Loughor. At first he sat among the infants, and was subject to all the small troubles of childhood. But soon the early difficulties were past, and Evan was moved into a higher class.

"From the start he beat us all," declared one who was a schoolmate. "However difficult the lesson, Evan always knew it."

He was not an unnatural boy by any means. Evan could play as well as any of us until he grew older, and then he would sooner be at his books. But he was always very fair. One day at some game a bigger boy attempted to take advantage of a smaller one. Evan Roberts was only a little chap himself, but in a moment he ran up to the other boy.

READY TO FIGHT FOR OTHERS.

"That isn't fair," he cried; "leave him alone!" The big boy laughed. Evan threw off his coat. "I'll fight you, and show you it's not fair," he said. But the other was a coward, and to our disappointment there was no fight.

Another little story of Evan Roberts is told in Loughor to-day. Four boys were going to school one afternoon. It was a pleasant summer's day, and it was nicer down by the river than in the hot schoolroom. Evan Roberts came hurrying down the road with his books under his arm.

"We're going down to the river this afternoon," one called. "Will you join Evan?"

"No; I'd sooner go to school," he replied. "You won't tell, Evan?" another boy cried. "As if I should!" he said indignantly.

When he was ten years old Mrs. Roberts found that Evan could always be trusted to do anything for her. He helped in the house, and when Mr. Roberts was away at the mine, the child would proudly endeavour to do his father's work in the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will say little of their son's doings as a child, but it is a common story in Loughor how Evan, before he was eleven years old, was able to take complete charge of the garden.

Evan was twelve, and head of the school, a change came. With the strange unconcern which the danger of the mines breeds among the Welsh, Evan Roberts was told that an accident had occurred at the Mountain Colliery.

"Your father has had his foot crushed," another boy told him.

AT WORK BY TWELVE.

Evan ran home and found that the news was true. "He must do no active work for four months," the doctor declared.

But Mr. Roberts was head of one of the shifts, and was a valuable man in the mine. So after a few days' rest he insisted on going to the mine. "Let me go," the boy Evan cried to his mother. Mrs. Roberts demurred.

But the boy strongly declared that he was old enough and strong enough. It was found that he could be of some help to Mr. Roberts in running errands and giving orders in various parts of the mine. So at twelve Evan Roberts went to work, his father had been carried home, and the doctor was in the house.

(To be continued.)

"Are you ill, has anything happened?" he cried, as she closed the door behind her.

"No, Lansie."

Always patient, always gentle with her, he asked for an explanation of her singular intrusion. "I came for your sake," she answered. "I know what you must have been through during these last two days. I felt I must see you. I've had a message from Compton Knoyle. You've eaten nothing. I thought you would have a cup of tea here; that I could pour it for you; that I could persuade you to take a mouthful."

"I have not," he said thoughtfully, Rosamond. "I have not time for it."

He went over to the door and put his hand on the knob.

"I will come to you as soon as I can," he said with a deep gravity; "but you must go now—immediately."

Her ladyship's answer was to fall back in a chair.

"I—I am sorry," she answered. "I suppose I ought not to have come? I hardly feel able to go alone. Could you send for Mr. Mordaunt? He will give me his arm."

The Judge returned to the other door, summoned an attendant, and sent the desired message. Then Lady Gascoyne knew that she had at least ten minutes to spare, for the messenger would not be able to discover Mordaunt's whereabouts within that time.

Her husband was now slowly pacing up and down the room, his mind again concentrated on what lay before him, forgetful that his wife was in the room. She watched him eagerly from between her fingers, trying in vain to fathom the intention that lay behind his absorbed face. Under intense repression for the moment she was able to make outward traces of the burning agitation within. And to the moments crept on—and still far removed from her by invisible barriers he continued to walk absorbed, and she continued to watch.

She had broken the silence at last. He did not hear the stifled call. She rose from her seat, approached him impetuously, and placed a hand upon his arm. He started suddenly, then looked at her.

"You here, still?" he cried. "Why, you are ill, you look very ill. I am sorry. Sit down quietly; it has been a time of anxiety for all of us."

"Lansie," she burst out, "they say—everyone says—that everything depends on your summing up—"

OUR ANTIQUATED GUNS.

How Our Field Artillery Is Outclassed by That of Other Nations.

At the outbreak of the South African war the British field-gun was of a design which had been out of date for about five years. To-day we are armed with the same guns. All but eighteen of the Aldershot batteries are composed of guns which are literally worn out by their service against the Boers, and were out of date before that.

Those are the guns we must use till the new ones just ordered by the War Office are ready. The Japanese gun has proved itself inferior to the Russian, but our attachés with the Japanese declare the Japanese guns to be better than ours. The French and German guns are immeasurably superior to the Russian guns.

A rough comparison of our present guns with those of an up-to-date quick-firing pattern shows the greatness of our danger at once.

The British gun has a range of about 4,000 yards. The up-to-date gun has a range of about 7,000. This is partly accounted for by the fact that the British Field Artillery gun is a 15-pounder (that is, it fires shells weighing 15lb. each), while the up-to-date gun is a 13-pounder. The latter, by the antiquated nature of our gun-carriages. The modern gun has a hydraulic cushion non-recoil construction, while our guns are still mounted on the plain old carriages to which a spade recoil attachment has been added. This attachment improved them immensely, but is hopeless compared with the up-to-date carriage.

THE MODERN QUICK-FIRER.

On the question of quickness of fire we are hopelessly outclassed. The modern quick-firer can fire twenty shots a minute. Our guns at the time of the South African war could fire three shots in just less than a minute. The Boers have been somewhat improved lately, which increases the pace a little, but still leaves them hopelessly behind the times. The explosive and projectile for our guns are loaded separately, which accounts for much of this slowness. The modern gun uses whole cartridges.

We have known these facts for years, and it is only now that we are doing anything.

In 1900 the War Office purchased a battery of German guns, and found them much better than ours. In the following year a committee was formed to inquire into this matter of guns. Only in March of this year did they come to a decision. The guns they recommended are as good, and perhaps better than those of any Continental make. The main change at the War Office, the whole question was reopened, and it is only now, after over three years, that anything is done.

There are seventeen batteries wanted for the Horse Artillery, and ninety batteries of field-guns, not including those for the Indian Army. Until we get them, our artillery would be useless against that of any other great power.

"Hush," he said sternly, raising his hand, "you must not speak of this. You must go now."

She clung to him, almost falling, as he went over towards the door. Alarmed, perplexed, he supported her gently, and led her towards a chair.

She flung her arms round his neck.

"Just a hint, Lansie," she implored. "None will ever know. We are all so anxious. You are not going to—"

"Stop," he cried sternly, as he attempted to disengage her encircling arms. It was the first time in his life he had tried to do that.

"I love him, I love him," she cried in a torrent of emotion, all the pent-up feeling of the two days pouring out in a flood. "He is innocent, Lansie. I tell you he is innocent. You shall not, you must not say a word against him."

He caught her by her two arms and held her away from him, as he looked at her wondering. Such a flood of feeling was in her voice, such conviction of knowledge was in her words, that he could only stare bewildered, conscious that no ordinary friendship could arouse that surging tide of emotion.

"I don't care," she continued, "what happens to me. I don't care what you think of me, what you do for me. You may kill me if you like. But I love him, I love him, I love him for a long, long time. He is innocent, I tell you—I know it. He came to me at Compton Knoyle that very night. You were away. He came at eleven o'clock—the murder was committed at midnight, and he was there, with me—yes—for hours and hours afterwards."

Sir Alanson Gascoyne, pale of face, turned white as death, and his eyes were as that of one who has received a mortal wound.

"You—"

He raised his hand in command for silence, and walked unsteadily towards the door, which he threw open.

"Come in, Mordaunt," he said in a voice almost natural. "I heard your knock. Lady Gascoyne is not feeling very well, and I feared to trust her alone. Can you kindly take charge of her?" Mordaunt looked from one to the other, then, without a word, extended his arm to Lady Gascoyne and led her from the room.

Judge Gascoyne, breathing heavily, and ghastly white of face, threw open the opposite door, and signified to the attendant that he was ready to resume his place upon the bench.

He was prepared to "sum up" now.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE DATE OF XMAS.

Why the ancient heathen festival held in December has been selected as the birthday of Jesus, in preference to any other date, is a mystery which only the people who invented the religion of Christianity could answer. F. C. FELTON. 85, Knight's-hill-road, West Norwood.

DRINKING ENCOURAGED BY PANTOMIMES.

There is no doubt in my mind that pantomimes have a bad effect, especially their everlasting jokes about drinking of it. It is, in fact, not of what is written. It is a case of fat women in tights and tipsy-looking comedians with significant leers.

It is a case of allusion and "gagging," and of a generally potherhouse atmosphere. That such is the atmosphere of the pantomimes every unbiased judge must admit. St. Leonards-on-Sea. ORIEL.

POTHOUSE ATMOSPHERE.

I do not see what is the good of trying to prove in legal fashion that pantomimes are vulgar by examining every line of the books and saying "this or that is unfit for the young."

This is a case of fat women in tights and tipsy-looking comedians with significant leers.

It is a case of allusion and "gagging," and of a generally potherhouse atmosphere. That such is the atmosphere of the pantomimes every unbiased judge must admit. St. Leonards-on-Sea. ALEX. ROBERTS.

ARE THEY MEANT FOR CHILDREN.

I do not condone the great influx of music-hall artists and their imitations into our pantomimes year after year. But the fact should not be lost sight of that it is the general public that is mainly catered for nowadays. Very few of the Christmas productions are designated "children's pantomimes."

Drury Lane, however, has been considered the children's "Mecca" in this respect, so it is the more to be regretted that the management should allow to the high standard of excellence hitherto attained to suffer in any way by needless vulgarity.

Would there were more of such delightful children's plays as "Peter Pan," and "Alice in Wonderland," for the entertainment of the coming generation. ALBERT BRENCHLEY OULD. 81, Streatham-hill, S.W.

PLAYGOERS' CHARITY.

I was in a theatre the other day, and during the evening received a landbill which stated that by kind permission of the manager a collection would be made on behalf of some orphanage for the children. Later on a little slipper round to each member of the audience with a box, and a very good sum was collected.

Could not something like this be done to help some of the starving and unemployed? If every manager of a theatre were to give his consent for a collection to be made (even if only for one evening) a considerable sum could be raised. A. J. J.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

Looking Backward.

1904 has not been a red-letter year either in art or literature or politics in our own country.—Madame.

Failure of Modern Sculptors.

Nine out of ten statues in Paris disfigure the spots they were meant to adorn. Perhaps the modern man does not know how to express to a statue.—M. Marcel Prevost, in the "Figaro."

An Australian Prophet.

I believe that the people of Great Britain are at present opposed to the taxation of food. That is a matter for themselves to consider, but I think there is every possibility of a change of opinion in the future.—Mr. Watson, Labour Party's leader in the Australian Commonwealth Parliament.

Why Do Women Go To Matinees?

The idle sex is also the gregarious sex. A few individuals excepted, it knows no the solace of tobacco. It cannot be always reading novels. No opportunity must be neglected of exhibiting a new hat. It is a way, like another, of killing time. One wonders that they do not find some more lively way.—The Times.

A Dangerous Dainty.

There is one thing that should never be given to any horse while his bridle is on, and that is lump sugar. A particle of this under his bit, and the sensitive, dainty covering of the jaw, may cause the most intense agony, and a serious accident, if for any reason the reins are tightened before the particles are all dissolved.—The Road.

Children Are No Fools.

Very little escapes children. If we knew the cute way in which they reckon us up, we, their parents and pastors, it would amaze us. They pierce our disguises and are apt to criticize our lack of accuracy of discernment. You may cajole and humbug men and women, but children—never. They know when you are in fun, when you are ironic, when you are angry, and especially when you are trying to be angry.—IV. Scott King, in "The Young Woman."

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 10.)

the slightest opinion. I watched him all the time, especially during the morning speech. He was simply the incarnation of justice, Gertrude. It seemed to me that he was the law incarnate and nothing else. Oh, if I could have got a hint from his manner I could have been much more sure. If he has formed a strong impression on one side or the other he never hesitates to let the jury know it. It's his duty, I consider, especially in a case of circumstantial evidence like this.

"Then it is really true that it depends as much on him as on the jury?"

"More, I should think—that is, if he inclines strongly one way or the other. He will carry more weight here in his own neighbourhood than any other Judge could possibly hope to do. No jury in North Somerset would dream of refusing to follow the lead of Sir Alanson Gascoyne. Yes, it all rests on the Judge's summing-up."

The listener heard a noise in the hall and turned and fled to her room. She hastily put on a hat and jacket. Notwithstanding her preoccupation, she spent five minutes before the glass, looking nervously all the time for the sound of Gertrude's footsteps. When at last she had completed her toilet, more hastily than ever before in her life, she slipped down the stairs and out of the front door, catching the sound of her own name as she passed by the drawing-room.

In the street she overheard a sentence from one of two men who were talking.

"He's done it—and the Judge and jury will say so—you see if they don't!"

She shivered and went on. Close to the court she caught other scraps of conversation. She heard again the fateful words—the words which told her again and once again that everything depended on the Judge's summing-up.

Near the court she was fortunate in encountering the official who had directed her to her place the day before.

"His Lordship," she said, unconsciously adopting the expression of the court room, "has asked me to have tea with him in his private room. Kindly show me the way."

A Judge's word is not always law; but in the courts it is more promptly obeyed than law. The man turned without a word and led the way.

Thus it was that the astonished husband, in this solemn moment of his life, found himself confronted by his wife.

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An Aid to Digestion.

When you wake in the morning with an unpleasant taste in the Mouth, the Tongue coated and dry, feeling that the night's rest has not refreshed you, and it requires quite an effort to eat a little breakfast—your Stomach is not doing its work efficiently. When, in addition to these Symptoms, you are Bilious and Dizzy, have pains between the Shoulders, Appetite is variable, Sick-Headaches depress you, and you feel irritable and generally Despondent, your Liver is out of order.

Derangement of these two important Organs of the Digestive System has a very serious effect upon the Nerves, with the result that you become Low-Spirited, Restless, Languid, and thoroughly Run-Down in Health.

For such conditions of Ill-Health there is one Remedy—and only one—that is at the same time simple, safe, pleasant, and certain. That is Guy's Tonic. Guy's Tonic assists in the process of Digestion, and so Strengthens the Stomach that it is soon able to carry on its functions with fulness and efficiency. Guy's Tonic also tones up the Liver, and has a re-Vitalizing effect upon the Nerves and Tissues. One Bottle proves it. Give Guy's Tonic a trial to-day.

Miss K. Phillips, of 33, Prospect Park, Exeter, writes:—

"I have been a great sufferer from Indigestion and Depression, and have had Medicines of all kinds, but did not seem to get relief. I am pleased to say that since taking Guy's Tonic I feel a different person, for it seems to give me new life. I shall most decidedly recommend Guy's Tonic to all my friends whenever they are feeling Run-Down and Out-of-Sorts. I can honestly say Guy's Tonic does what it is recommended for. If I had only read your advertisement years ago I should have been spared much pain."

A Six-ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Give it a Trial to-day.

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THE JANUARY SALES—GLORIOUS OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

WHERE TO BUY.

REDUCTIONS IN PRICES OF UNPRECEDENTED MAGNITUDE.

January 2 is a most important date to all women this year. It not only implies the beginning of a new year, the registration of all sorts of excellent resolves and possibly the solemn facing of sundry large bills, but it means the inauguration of the Winter Sales.

These are pure joy to every woman, be she old or young, wealthy or the reverse; but principally do they fulfil the heart's desire of the customer who, on a limited income must and will dress well, for opportunities galore are those of the shopper who shops wisely and well during the month of January.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

The bill of fare at Messrs. Peter Robinson's is a most splendid one, and since it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, the sale will see almost given away at 1s. 11½d. a yard; and the satin muslins at 1s. 6½d. the yard, usually priced at 1s. 11½d.

Attractions Not To Be Resisted.

It is always noticeable that the costume departments are raided at Messrs. Peter Robinson's. And no wonder, considering the marvellous prizes there obtainable. The Alexandra, a cloth robe, smartly tucked, strapped and appliqued with taffetas and silk braiding, is actually being offered at 2s. 6d., which is value extraordinary even amidst the remarkable bargains that are to be found on every hand.

Opportunities of like value occur in the unmade and made silk robe departments. For 3s. 9d. a beautiful poplin de soie toilette, the skirt of which is gauged and shaped ready to be made can be secured in white, ivory, black, azure, pink, eau de nil, and cardinal colours.

There are thousands of remnants of dress and blouse lengths in crêpe de Chine, mousseline taffetas, Duchesse satins, and plain silk at half prices, which the clever needlewoman will snap up, with future home dressmaking triumphs in view.

An All-reaching Sale.

It should be recollected that this sale is all-reaching; it extends, for example, into the infant's clothing department, where there are the very prettiest little cambric frocks, hand-made and trimmed with lace or embroidery, that are being sold almost at half-price. In some cases less than half-price is to be charged; there are, for instance, numbers of dainty little cambric nightgowns, trimmed with hem-stitched frills, that were usually priced at 8s. 6d. to 10s. 9d., which will be sold off during January at 2s. 11d. As for the paletots in lamb's wool, silk, and fancy cloth, trimmed with fur and beautifully quilted, their prices are so low as to be almost beyond belief.

A splendid opportunity will be afforded to men shoppers, who will usually depute the duty of bargain-hunting to their wives, in the gentlemen's outfitting department, where there are shirts, dressing-gowns, under-wear, hosiery, and pyjamas at most advantageous prices.

Messrs. Peter Robinson very truly call their sale a golden opportunity; it is one that should not be neglected by any woman who wants to make a sovereign go as far as it possibly can. It should

Keep this model in mind when you buy a sale remnant of cloth. It is very smart with its skirt arranged in hidden pleats all the way round, its fullness on the bodice and sleeves prettily gauged, and its cloth vest just edged with an inner rim of velvet.



evening toilette shades, that measure double width and will cost 2s. 11½d. a yard; the new Victorian chiffon taffetas checks, the usual price of which is 4s. 6d. a yard, that the sale will see almost given away at 1s. 11½d. a yard; and the satin muslins at 1s. 6½d. the yard, usually priced at 1s. 11½d.

This Way for the Blouses.

On each Thursday during the sale there will be an exceptional offer of remnants of black and coloured silks marked at half the usual prices, so the Thursdays of January will be red-letter days to all fair bargain-hunters.

The blouses are particularly enchanting at Whiteley's. Take, for example, the Pauline, a novelty in ivory or coloured Japanese silk, daintily trimmed with fine ivory-tinged Valenciennes lace. Here is a prize indeed at 11s. 9d. Then there is the Camberley, a smart mini's veiling blouse, the usual price of which is 8s. 11d., though during January it will cost only 4s. 11½d. The Laura, the Lilian, and the Windsor are in their various ways just as full of charm as the ones I have already mentioned in detail.

In the unmade robe department the black sequined toilettes are most desirable, and cost only ninepence over a guinea each. Then there are some wonderful gowns covered with gold, grey, royal blue, and champagne sequins, that are true

must be given to the dressing and tea gowns, with a particular emphasis upon the Myosotis, a French accordion-pleated cashmere gown with a double-pointed cape, collar and sleeves to match, handsomely trimmed with insertion, the sale price of which is 23s. 9d. only. The Clyde, another accordion-pleated gown at 15s. 9d., is a marvellous



A smart knockabout green felt hat trimmed with green quilled velvet in front and at the back, where the brim is raised by that material's aid.

bargain, and the Napier, a Pyrenean wool gown, at the same price will be found much to the taste of many women.

CRYSTALLISED PEEL.

INGREDIENTS.—Lemon or orange peels. To a pound of sugar allow one gill of water.

Cut the peel either in rings or chips. Next boil the peel till it is tender, drain it from the water, and put it into cold water. Now pour off the water

carefully and put the peel on to a sieve to drain. Dissolve the sugar in the water, then boil it till a fine thread will form between the finger and thumb. Next pour it while hot over the peel and let it stand till the following day. Then strain off the syrup and boil it until a much thicker and stronger thread will form between the finger and thumb. Pour it again over the peel, repeating this operation again next day. On the fourth day boil the syrup until it can be blown in large bubbles off the spatula or flat spoon. Then put in the peel and boil it up in it, lastly lifting the pieces on to a sieve to drain.

It is advisable to allow two pounds of sugar to every three lemons. If this is not enough, more syrup can be made the third or fourth day. Many people save their orange peel and crystallise it thus.

THE PROFESSIONAL TALKER.

ADVANTAGES OF A SYMPATHETIC LISTENER.

At a dinner-party it is usually the woman who bears the burden of the conversation. There is sometimes an awkward pause at the beginning of the meal before the guests seem to have adapted themselves to their surroundings and to each other; but the hostess blessed with tact will know how to set the conversational ball rolling, perhaps with something of interest reserved for the occasion.

Each person at the table should endeavour to make himself or herself agreeable to both neighbours as opportunity serves. Those who have the reputation of being good talkers must be careful not to overshadow others if they would give pleasure. A fluent talker is apt to be over-eager to say what he has in his mind, and his conversation becomes a monologue. A professional talker is a professional bore.

At table one should not so engross one's neighbour by conversation, however charming, that he will be unable to appreciate the viands his hostess has been at pains to provide. Courtesy should exclude the introduction of all subjects calculated to excite heated argument, unpleasant discussion, or anything that may be obnoxious to anyone present.

It is the sympathetic and responsive listeners who call forth the best efforts of a talker. For such are reserved his choicest stories, his finest epigrams. A kindling of the face, a flash of the eye, a ready smile, act as inspiration to him. There is nothing more trying to a conversationalist than to find that his remarks are receiving but a divided attention.



van Houten's
Cocoa
"A perfect beverage, combining Strength, Purity and Solubility."—Medical Annual.

be noted that at both Messrs. Peter Robinson's establishments—that is to say, the one in Regent-street as well as the one in Oxford-street, the same sweeping reductions will be found.

AT WILLIAM WHITELEY'S.

Like bees round the honey-pot will the bargain-hunters be in Westbourne-grove on Monday next and during the month, for Messrs. William Whiteley, Limited, having reduced the prices of their stock enormously, are holding a winter clearance sale, which will attract women from all points of the compass.

Special commendation is given on every side to the silk department at this gigantic emporium. Only to name a few of the bargains that are offered here in detail would be a tremendous task, but mention must in justice be made of the Japanese striped silks of the best quality that are to be sold at 8½d. a yard; the Oriental satins in

bargains at 39s. 6d. each. In the lace department the guipure collars are highly to be recommended; they are marvellously reduced, for whereas upon ordinary occasions their prices range from 2s. 11d. to 25s. 9d., they are next week going to be sold at 11½d. to 4s. 11d. each.

Numbers of customers imagine that stock that will keep without going out of fashion is reserved from the sale; but this is not the case at Whiteley's, as the lingerie departments will speedily prove. An excellent opportunity is afforded, for instance, of purchasing the nun's veiling nightgowns that the doctors recommend to delicate and chilly people for winter wear. No one with even a limited dress allowance need exist without warmth when Alpine ones at 4s. 11½d. are available.

The same generous reduction of price obtains through all the departments at Whiteley's; indeed, it is difficult to choose for commendation any one special type of goods. But just a word of praise

"What does 'van Houten's' mean Mother?"

"It means the Best Cocoa, my dear."

AN OUNCE OF EXPERIENCE WEIGHS MORE THAN A TON OF ARGUMENT.

NO BETTER PROOF of the value of any medicine can be had than the voluntary testimony of those who have tried it. THE WORLD-WIDE POPULARITY of Mother Seigel's Syrup is based on the commendation of thousands upon thousands of men and women whom it has cured of indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headaches, dizziness, sleeplessness, flatulence, nervous depression, anæmia, general debility, and various disorders of the stomach, liver, and kidneys. COMPOUNDED of ROOTS and HERBS, Mother Seigel's Syrup contains digestive ferments and gentle tonics for the stomach, liver, and kidneys. These elements render it invaluable to all who, by reason of unhealthy surroundings, sedentary occupation, worry, overwork, or climatic changes, lack the vigour, vitality, and strength which can alone be obtained from good food well-digested. WHEN your STOMACH and LIVER are out of order and you are tortured with indigestion, so that you can't eat, can't work, can't think, can't sleep, you should at once give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial, not because we SAY that it is a certain cure for indigestion and all disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but because tens of thousands of men and women testify that they have been cured by it. They KNOW that Mother Seigel's Syrup cures indigestion, because it has cured them.

PROFIT BY THEIR EXPERIENCE.

A MINISTER'S SALVATION.

Nearly twenty years ago the Rev. John Spensley, a minister of the Primitive Methodist Church, then living at Alford, Lincolnshire, was very ill, and as his ailments seemed to multiply rather than to diminish he felt that he would soon have to retire from his profession. One of the most annoying of the effects was a sort of *giddiness*, a *swimming* in the head, which rendered his walking "at times like the reeling, unsteady gait of a drunken man." He so described his condition in a letter written on January 5th, 1901, from Winterton, Doncaster. In July, 1891, he left Alford and went to live at Brigg, Lincs., and there a friend advised him to try Mother Seigel's Syrup as a remedy for his ills, seeing that all other medicines had brought him no relief. After using four bottles he was entirely cured. Mr. Spensley has again settled down at Brigg, and the Proprietors of the Mother Seigel remedies wrote recently asking whether he still enjoyed the relief from his troubles which he had reported in his letter from Winterton. This is his answer:

Bridge Street, Brigg.

Oct. 5th, 1904.

Gentlemen,—I HAVE NO HESITANCY in reaffirming what I stated in my letter some three years ago, re the great benefit I derived from taking your "Mother Seigel's Syrup."

IT IS NOW 16 YEARS since the cure was effected, which, I can truthfully say, was PERMANENT, and evidently added a new lease to my life.

I HAD SUFFERED for many years from indigestion, constipation, giddiness, or swimming in the head, and quite thought my health was completely breaking up. I was induced to try your "Mother Seigel's Syrup," and four of the smallest bottles, taken in strict accord with your directions, wrought a marvellous and permanent cure; and now, wherever I go, I sing the praises of "Mother Seigel's Syrup."

I do this for two reasons.

1. Because of the unspeakable benefit it has brought into my own life.
 2. Because I am wishful to help others suffering as I suffered to secure similar relief.
- I HAVE NOW COMPLETED 43 YEARS in the Ministry, and but for "MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP" I am almost confident MY MINISTRY WOULD HAVE ENDED 16 YEARS AGO. I feel therefore it would be ungrateful on my part not to "praise the bridge which carried me over the stream."

You are at liberty to make what use you think proper of this letter.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully,
JOHN SPENSLEY.

P.S.—You will please note that my address is BRIGG now, and NOT Winterton.

A. J. WHITE, Limited,
35, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

THE
WORLD'S
REMEDY
FOR
INDIGESTION
AND
DISORDERS
OF THE
LIVER.

HAS
CURED
MORE
DYSPEPTICS
THAN ANY OTHER
MEDICINE
IN THE
WORLD.

YOU MAY BE SUFFERING FROM STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

such as

INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, LANGUOR, PAINS IN THE CHEST AND SHOULDERS, HEADACHES, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, PALPITATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, FLATULENCY, ACIDITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, AND ANAEMIA.

== IF SO ==

Profit by the Rev. J. Spensley's Experience!

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

WILL SURELY CURE YOU.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per Bottle.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Other Small Advertisements on page 2.